

# THE SCOURGE.

DECEMBER 1, 1813.

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THE SCOUT  
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE London and Country Apprentices' Journals shall appear in our next.

The pamphlet of Lady Douglas shall meet with due attention.

A correspondent informs us that Romeo Coates re-appears in a week or two; but we are completely tired of chastising his theatrical offences. We are determined, in this instance, to wage no longer war with Bedlam and the Mint.

The Essay on Orators and Oratory is under consideration.

The remarks of Ludovicus on the obstinacy and wilful perversion, so visible in the late papers of Mr. Cobbett, are ingenious, but are drawn up in too hasty a manner for insertion: if the author will revise and expand them before the 15th of this month, they shall find admission.

We beg leave to observe to L. L. and others, that humorous poetry better accords with the plan of our work than the elegiac or pathetic, unless the latter be of singular excellence.

# THE SCOURGE.

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DECEMBER 1, 1813.

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*Poetical Explanation of the Annexed Caricature.*

THE PROPHET AND HIS FOLLOWERS;

OR,

METHODISTICAL RELICS.

The Devil can cite scripture for his purpose.  
An evil soul, producing holy witness,  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,  
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart;  
O! what a goodly outside falsehood hath.  
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture  
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil;  
And thus I clothe my naked villany  
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

SOME poets needs must tune the lays,  
To sing a conqu'ring hero's praise,  
Whereas by goodly thoughts enslav'd,  
I choose to laud *the Sinner Sav'd*, (1)  
Whose *faith* was heap'd up in his soul,  
Like sack when chock-full fill'd with *coal*,  
But now to sketch the *saint's* career,  
And make his tenets plain appear;  
Ere race of boyhood yet was run  
He took good care of *number one*;  
And to procure another's place,  
Incessant pray'd the throne of grace,  
For so he nibbled fortune's cake,  
The devil might the hindmost take;  
Affection's all but hackney'd fags,  
*Poor fallen nature's dirty rags*,

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(1) *A Sinner Saved*.—The above term was constantly applied to himself by the canting saint, as appears upon perusal of his literary lumber.

*Mere cloths and napkins wrapped together,*  
*And tied by methodistic tether.*  
*Such prov'd our prophet's dawning merit,*  
*For self displaying wond'rous spirit,*  
*Swearing he ne'er wou'd bend so low*  
*To be Coal Heaven hail'd and Co.*  
*At length arrived at man's estate,*  
*And passion having gain'd its height,*  
*Unmindful of the guilty flame,*  
*He play'd the innocent old game*  
*With virgin foolish and not wise, (2)*  
*And glean'd from vintage darling prize, (3)*  
*A babe as chopping as might be,*  
*Illegal child of liberty.*  
*For which he chang'd conclusive DON,*  
*And took the name of H-nt-ng-TON.*  
*Now though he held babes are not sav'd,*  
*Though ne'er so good and well behav'd*  
*Query—was this in sin begot,*  
*One of th' elect, good friend, or not?*  
*But 'tis no matter of which crew,*  
*Dad's sav'd, you know, and that will do.*  
*When married saint wag'd war 'gainst want,*  
*For bread and cheese was passing scant;*  
*Yet warm'd by faith, his master willing,*  
*Would send him sixpence or a shilling;*  
*But spite of all his brats increasing,*  
*Voracious crav'd for food, sans ceasing,*  
*For prophet, reader, had, I ween,*  
*Old Jacob's number, just thirteen (4).*  
*While yet in servitude our saint*  
*Would often find his courage faint,*  
*And being nigh depriv'd of breath,*  
*Fought hard and ran away from death,*

---

(2) *Wise and foolish Virgins* is the name of another work, with which the press has been burthened, to the manifest injury of reason and truth.

(3) *Gleanings of the Vintage* display a further proof of methodistic cant and downright nonsense.

(4) The following are the words of the writer. See *Bank of Faith* p. 21.  
 "I have been married upwards of twenty years, have had thirteen children—just Jacob's number, thirteen to the dozen."

Still poverty pursu'd the sinner,  
 Who went full oft without his dinner,  
*Though Sunday's breeches, coat, and vest,*  
*In pawn-shop lockers were impress'd,*  
 When from such durance preacher stout  
*Consulted God—To get them out, (5)*  
 Sometimes blind fortune, sweet as honey,  
 Would favor purse with welcome money,  
 And sometimes press'd by want—half wild,  
*Bird's-nest he'd storm to feed his child. (6)*  
 Thus during years saint prov'd an hobbler,  
 When lo! he next became a cobbler, (7)  
 On shoe's dimensions toil'd diurnal,  
 And measured Sunday's *Love Eternal*; (8)  
 At length arriv'd that epoch grand,  
 When saint as preacher made a stand,  
 And nonsense spake to all such fools,  
 As rank'd themselves his faithful tools;  
 Of heavenly work-folks, thus the fuel  
 Was kindled first in *marsh of Ewell*;  
 When poor coalheaver's *gleaning wife,*  
 With neighbours spent a so-so life;  
 Since many wagg'd both tongue and fist  
 Against *prophetic methodist, (9)*  
 But saints will battle hard you know,  
 And bend of God the naked bow;

(5) Our-would-be prophet literally makes as free with the Divinity in his publications, as if the Almighty was on a par with terrestrial beings. Even upon the most trivial occasions he speaks of consulting his master, as one partner in a firm would talk of another, if applied to on the score of giving credit to a stranger: in short I cannot refrain from saying, that such audacious conduct, savours not a little of downright blasphemy.

(6) This bird-nesting anecdote is not the only one of a similar nature recorded in the Bank of Faith, as the writer is sometimes regaled with a dead partridge, and at others, chances to fall in with an eel, so that another species of food was alone wanting to regale him with fish, flesh and fowl.

(7) This new occupation, we are informed, brought additional grist to the mill of the prophet, though the produce was far from sufficient to support the crying necessities of his increasing progeny.

(8) H-nt-ngt-n not only acquired the art of measuring the foot, but was also enabled to appreciate mentally the *Dimensions of Eternal Love*; see his publication so denominated.

(9) Soon after our saint began the preaching career, his wife repaired to the corn fields, in order to glean with the other villagers, upon which occasion the poor people exasperated at the conduct of the preacher in arrogating to himself a divine calling, had recourse to a mode of conduct that evidently proved the contempt with which they regarded the rhapsodical nonsense of her artful husband.

The reason why is render'd plain,  
 Our prophet's darling idol—*gain*.  
 Thus what with scripture and shoemaking,  
 Prime presents from th' elected taking,  
*New clothes presented by the Lord,*  
*Who was his tailor, on my word,*  
*And also choicest measure taker,*  
*A famous leather breeches maker.* (10)  
 From fount, I say, like these, good soul,  
 He 'gan at length to heap up *cole*.  
 Wherefore he found that canting speeches  
 Procur'd for b—m at all times breeches;  
 And still by praying, as he saith,  
 He rear'd his *Banking hoitse of Faith*,  
 For brains and tongue he had, 'tis true,  
 To wheedle well the chosen crew;

(10) This canting hypocrite was in the habit of receiving annually a new suit of clothes from one of his devotees, which were denominated by him the presents of his *master*, meaning the Almighty; but in order to give a specimen of the manner in which he applied to the Divinity, I shall quote his own words, when he mentions that his strength was insufficient to endure the toil of repairing on a Sunday to the numerous meeting-houses where his services were requested: his language is as follows. "Finding myself wholly unable to perform all this labour, I went to prayer, and besought God to give me more strength, less work, or a horse. I used my prayers, as gunners use their swivels, turning them every way as the various cases required." But the acme of this fellow's impudence is rendered most conspicuous at page 87, &c. of the *Bank of Faith*, where he speaks of his want of breeches, his words being as follows: "I often made free in my prayers with my invaluable *master* for this favour; but he still kept me so amazingly poor, that I could not get them at any rate. At last I was determined to go to a friend of mine at Kingston, who is off that branch of business, to bespeak a pair; and to get him to trust me until my *master* sent me money to pay him. I was that day going to London, fully determined to bespeak them, as I rode through the town. However, when I passed the shop I forgot it; but when I came to London, I called on Mr. Croucher, a shoemaker in Shepherd's market, who told me a parcel was left there for me, but what it was he knew not. I opened it, and behold there was a pair of leather breeches with a note in them! the substance of which was, to the best of my remembrance, as follows:—Sir, I have sent you a pair of breeches, and hope they will fit. I beg your acceptance of them; and if they want any alteration, leave in a note what the alteration is, and I will call in a few days and alter them. J. S.—I tried them on, and they fitted as well as if I had been measured for them; at which I was amazed, having never been measured by any leather breeches maker in London. I wrote an answer to the note to this effect: Sir, I received your present and thank you for it, I was going to order a pair of leather breeches to be made, because, I did not know till now that my *master* had *BESPOKE* them of you. They fit very well, which fully convinces me what the *SAME* GOD who moved thy heart to give, GUIDED THY HAND TO CUT; BECAUSE HE PERFECTLY KNOWS MY SIZE, HAVING CLOTHED ME IN A MIRACULOUS MANNER FOR NEAR FIVE YEARS. When you are in trouble, Sir, I hope you will tell my *MASTER* of this, and what you have done for me, and he will repay you with honour." If this be not rank blasphemy I am altogether unacquainted with the meaning of the word,

Since by each artful whining trope  
*Infallible* he seem'd as *pope*,  
 And quite *exempt from sin* they say,  
 Though he you've heard with girls cou'd play;  
 But crimes of *saint* they vow in sooth,  
 Were naught but follies of his youth;  
 Though for such peccadillo he  
 Paid *thirty pounds*, the vestry fee: (11)  
 Thus parish *harvest reap'd* quite prime,  
 And *sinner's youth* prov'd *Saint's SEED-time*.  
 Our prophet now by victim led,  
 From bumpkins of the village fled,  
 Resolv'd great London's mart to try,  
 And on the *thick boughs prophesy*. (12)  
 When back'd by vot'ries void of sense,  
 In *Chapel* fam'd of *Providence*, (13)  
 He preach'd to all his doating crew  
 And issu'd reams of nonsense too,  
 Earning of wealth *Coalheaver's* load,  
 By crucifying Christian code;  
 For whoso reads such trash must find,  
 'Twas worldly self engross'd his mind;  
 Insulting God—he called his *master*,  
 Whene'er he fell in sad disaster,  
 And treating with revengeful wrath,  
 Each preacher that disowns his cloth,

(11) We are informed by the prophet that he was obliged to disburse the above sum for this disporting with the weaker sex.

(12) Finding that the country was not sufficiently beneficial in a pecuniary point of view, this canting son of Mammon pretends to unravel the meaning of a dream, his words being as follows: "When I dreamed; and behold, in my dream, I thought I heard the Lord call to me with a very shrill, distinct voice, saying: Son of man! Son of man! prophesy! son of man! prophesy! I answered, 'Lord what shall I prophesy?' The voice came again, saying 'Prophesy upon the thick boughs.'" Which words the saint construed as appertaining to London, whither he removed accordingly.

(13) When the former chapel was burnt down, the following ludicrous anecdote occurred. One of the firemen addressing the other, said, Where is the doctor? (meaning Huntington) another replied—out of town. The former then said, I wonder where Providence was that his church should be thus destroyed: to which the other made answer, "why out of town to be sure as well as he." The present chapel was built by subscription under the firm conviction that Huntington would preach in it when completed, whereas no sooner was it erected, but he gave out that he would never officiate in any chapel unless it was his own property, in consequence of which his bigotted followers, who in all probability would not give a shilling to a starving clergyman of the established church of the realm, absolutely complied with his rapacious wish, and made him sole possessor of the building in question.

For through his acts and works we see,  
 Self love and want of charity.  
 At length subdu'd by conqu'ring fate,  
 Death ends the prophet's mundane state,  
 And wafts his soul from Cræsus' throne,  
 To share the fate of realms unknown.

When earth was cast the Saint upon,  
 Next came the widow H-n-ingt-n,  
 Whose eyes ne'er deign'd to look askance,  
 For ever bent upon main chance ;  
 With mind for money always clutching,  
 Her outstretch'd hand longs to be *Tuchin* ; (14)  
 Wherefore she bids her footman steer  
 To mansion-house of auctioneer ;  
 Who glad obeys with bosom glowing,  
 At all times fond of *going, going*.  
 'Tis then he lots out saint-like riches,  
 Cups, saucers, barber's block, and breeches,  
 Shoes, boots, the prophet us'd to wear,  
 And last of all, renown'd *night-chair* ;  
 For which the canting tribe, all thronging,  
 Would fain use *pan* thereto belonging.  
 The hour eventful of the sale,  
 Adherents of the saint now hail,  
 In garden fam'd at *Pentonyville*,  
 Of prophet's house at *Hermes Hill*,  
 Was Tuchin's noted rostrum seen ;  
 While table grac'd the well mown green ;  
 So now to paint the living lumber,  
 By print design'd that decks our Number.  
 In rear of preacher's famous tomb,  
 Consigning to their proper doom,

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(14) The above is the name of the auctioneer that was appointed to sell the relics of the prophet ; the Sunday prior to whose demise the following remarkable occurrence took place. H-nt-ngt-n being then ill and at Tonbridge Wells, the methodist parson who officiated at Providence Chapel, during his absence, informed the congregation that it was with infinite pleasure he had to acquaint them that their pastor was so much recovered that he had no doubt he would himself officiate on the ensuing Sunday. When the meeting broke up, a man plainly habited, thus addressed the congregation, as they came out. "*Thus saith the Lord; I have built this house, but because ye have not preached the truth therein I am commanded to cry against it, and I will divide the house, and split it even from the top to the bottom.*" Now the fact is, that H-nt-ngt-n had a sudden relapse during the week, and expired before the ensuing Sabbath; since which period the chapel has been little used, as the followers of this man cannot agree about a preacher, some being in favour of one, and others wishing to select their particular ranters.

His reams of nonsense :—view the boy  
 Thus using *faith* to Christian's joy.  
 Next on the left beside his mate,  
 For prophet's doctrine obstinate ;  
 A breeches maker greets the eyes,  
 Bearing of *Sinner Sav'd* —a prize ;  
 For ev'ry lot's a relic deem'd,  
 None e'er by papists more esteem'd,  
 Behind the pulpit *Langford* stands,  
 Bound *sev'n times o'er in wedlock's bands* ;  
 His wives still living blith and gaily,  
 Which doom'd him lately at Old Bailey  
 Sev'n years from hence to ward his way,  
 And sojourn *convict* at the *Bay* ;  
 Tho' preacher methodist was he,  
 Thus sunk in depths of infamy.  
 Three *wise and foolish maids*—next panting,  
 On prophet's short clothes are descanting,  
 With spectacles on nose intent,  
 One proves by dint of argument,  
 The *breeches* are of heav'nly make,  
 Since *wind* nor *water* ere cou'd break  
*A stitch* :—To doubt wou'd be rank treason ;  
 So *fundamental* is the reason.  
 Now next beside the *foolish maid*,  
 Stands one grown rich in *Crispin's trade*, (15)  
 Who sports a carriage to the meeting,  
 To swallow lies—see cushion beating,  
 Before the *chair* submissive bending,  
 Kneels one that fain would health be mending, (16)  
 This pestlemonger's grand abode,  
 For slops and purge in Oxford-road ;  
 Where in huge characters you see,  
 He's skill'd alike in *pharmacy*.  
 So let him practice at his will,  
 He ne'er for me shall make a pill.  
 With uprais'd hand triumphant crown'd,  
 See M--n who gave SIXTY POUND, (17)

(15) The individual represented above, was a great contributor to the erection of Providence Chapel, and is a most determined stickler for the tenets of our prophet.

(16) This follower of the H-nt-ngt-n tenets is an apothecary, and resides in Oxford-road, where he not only undertakes to cure his own species, but further offers himself to the notice of the public, as an horse-doctor to boot.

(17) M-r-g-n the upholsterer was commissioned by some devotee of the saint's

And wou'd have bid in *chair* pursuit,  
 One hundred had not all been mute.  
 Since he for maniac stood physician,  
 And boldly bid upon commission.  
 Behind him hot for prophet's seat  
 Come vendors twain of butcher's meat, (18)  
 The first to customers well known  
 Residing in Saint Mary Bone,  
 The second just as dense of head,  
 As any ox to slaughter led;  
 Who after sabbath's ranting feats,  
 In fan'd Fleet Market vends his meats;  
 The rest display a motley group,  
 That after *Sinner* *Sav'd* wou'd troop,  
 Except the dashing kiddy blade,  
 That ogles methodistic maid,  
 Who doubtless would with little pressing,  
 Yield prudery to warm caressing;  
 Plac'd near the swain 'midst lots of lumber,  
 Stands most disgusting of the number,  
 A barber's block carv'd out to be,  
 Of saint true physiognomy;  
 Where not alone his phiz you trace,  
 The type of ev'ry thing save *grace*,  
 But symbol too of *mental store*,  
 A *log of wood*, friend, and no more;  
 As for the horned king of evil,  
 Old Satan, Beelzebub, or devil;  
 That eager clasps some darling prey,  
 And bears him to his realms away;  
 He represents an emblem true,  
 Of what hereafter must ensue;  
 To hypocrites in cant array'd,  
 Who make religion Mammon's trade,  
 On faith of Christ their backs all turning,  
 And lucre of the *Old one* earning,  
 For he in sin most deadly ranks,  
 Who plays with pure religion pranks,  
 So with such comment—reader, friend,  
 I drop my pen and make an end.

QUIZ.

to bid as far as *one hundred guineas* for the doctor's clo-e-stool chair, which was however knocked down for 60 guineas; and it has been recently said that a large waggon belonging to the deceased was purchased by a farmer who is one of his followers, for 700l.

(18) The first of these personages is named *Ash-ton*, and the second *Ov-r*.

## MODERN LUNATICS;

OR,

*DELAHOYDE AND LUCETTE'S HOUSE OF INSANITY.*

SIR,

THE Committee on whom devolved an examination of Messrs. Delahoyde and Lucette's invention for the cure of insanity, having apparently sanctioned its efficacy and innocence, it may be presumed that the new erection in St. George's fields will be converted to some other purpose of benevolence, that henceforth a private madhouse shall be unknown, and lunacy and suicide be banished from this happy country. The inhabitants of London, and the patients of the Ealing establishment, will combine with the hardy bodies the sound and energetic understanding of genuine Englishmen; and as moral correctness is generally the accompaniment of mental sanity, our streets shall be delivered by this wonder-working process from robbers, courtezans, and pickpockets.

As the attention, however, of Messrs. Delahoyde and Lucette is peculiarly devoted to the highest circle of society; and as the whole community retains an interest in the intellectual health of its orators, its statesmen, and its governors, it becomes a matter of importance to enquire by what criteria the genuine symptoms of insanity are determined, and which of the great and important personages of the kingdom, are subject to its influence, and the proper objects of the newly discovered operation. An enquiry of this kind is become peculiarly necessary, as it does not appear improbable that the places of several unhappy patients at Ealing might, if precedence at such an institution depended on the degree of lunacy, be justly supplied, by the very relatives or friends, under whose superintendance they are admitted.

Had the project of Delahoyde and Lucette been once tried on the person of Buonaparte, how just would have been the application of their remedy, and how propi-

tious to the repose and the felicity of Europe? The preceding race of lunatics, "from Macedonia's *madman* to the Swede," never produced so decided an example of insanity as the Emperor of France. In the full possession of almost resistless power, the object of national homage and foreign respect, the arbitrator of Europe, regarded with veneration by those who disputed the evidence of his atrocities, and admired for the possession of apparently unequalled talents, even by those who abhorred his crimes, this master of the persons and minds of men, commenced a savage and ferocious warfare on a nation too weak to endanger his safety, or disturb his repose. After exhibiting to astonished Europe the most afflicting proofs of remorseless perfidy, and sustaining the most humiliating disappointments of his ambitious designs, he leaves the prosecution of the war in Spain to undertake an invasion that if it succeeds can only tend to the gratification of one or two hasty *capricios*, and if it fail must cloud the glory of his name, and the lustre of his throne. Confident of success, he makes his irruption into Russia, contrary to all the rules of military science in a straight line, presenting to the invader not only encouragement, but assistance in intercepting his communications, and in case of failure, precluding his retreat. He gains his object, however, and arrives at Moscow; but forgetting, what a man in his senses might have remembered, that a retreat in frost and snow would be hazardous and inclement, he remains in the ancient capital till he can remain no longer; is pursued along the whole line of his march by a victorious and exasperated enemy; and is happy to escape in a single carriage, and under a fictitious name. Yet with all the advantages of experience, and unchastised by misfortune, he almost wilfully defies his united vassals to revolt and hostility; and in the progress of the war commits the same errors at Dresden as he had before committed at Moscow. He presents us with the singular spectacle of a general sacrificing to misplaced self-confidence, all the rules and pre-

cautions of war; of a statesman yielding without effort to the influence of low and malignant passions; of a monarch possessing extraordinary talents, yet neither content with the limits of his established power, nor soaring above the debasing influence of rage, envy, and petulant irritation. Were Buonaparte any thing but a madman, or did he add good sense to his other qualifications, how powerfully would the change contribute to the happiness and repose of the world! Had the discovery of Messrs. Delahoyde and Lucette been made and applied previous to the treaty of Tilsit, his own misfortunes, and the miseries of subjected nations, would not have occurred. Content with the possession of a compact yet extensive empire, he would have withdrawn his troops within the boundaries of ancient France, and reposing in the fulness of his glory, have devoted the remainder of his life to the love and the felicity of his people. At present he is only a disappointed and defeated madman, who fights because he is desperate, without the splendor of the monarch, or the dignity of the bold and able general struggling with adversity.

Let us now return to our own country, and without presuming to make a comparison between a foreign tyrant and a domestic sovereign, let us enquire whether the favourites and dangles at court, do not exhibit on many occasions the most striking evidence of insanity. Among the luminaries of the law, a certain individual is accustomed to forget the dignity and impartiality of office, to fall into a passion worthy of Lord Grizzle, whenever the ornaments of the bar presume to breathe the sentiments of truth, of liberty, or justice, and to swear and rave with all the vehemence of a bully, and all the fluency of a practiced bacchanalian. In a situation commanding in itself the reverence of every class of society, with extensive means of promulgating the most important truths, and of expounding the laws of his country in the spirit of genuine freedom and impartial justice, who can doubt that the sacrifice of duty, principle, opportunity, and decency, is the melancholy consequence of insanity!

When a nobleman of illustrious birth and extensive possessions, the pride of his family, and the object of general expectation, in the possession of respectable talents, and allied by marriage to beauty, virtue, and good humor, unconscious or regardless of these advantages, neglects every nobler study and every domestic duty, in his ardor for precedence as a coachman, and spends the time that should have been devoted to the cultivation of eloquence, letters, or the arts, in the society of grooms and farriers; at one time employed in anxious consultation on a sprained foot; at another, in driving four in hand against some other pretender to the art; and at another in betting and drinking with the honourable fraternity of boxers; it is surely time to enquire whether an individual thus forgetful of what is due to himself and the community, can be entitled to claim a particle of common sense. Still less will that claim be admitted if he become a constant visitor at Gregson's; be expert in all the varieties of *milling* oratory, and a *dab-hand* at the practice of the pugilistic art. A nobleman of liberal education, and nurtured in the lap of ease and elegance, would never descend to participate in the vulgar revelries of the champions of the fist, unless his understanding were perverted and debased. I beg leave therefore most humbly to propose that the members of the Buxton club, the patrons of Gregson, the leaders of the four-in-hand, and the *noble* visitors of Jackson, be subjected to the scrutiny, and, if necessary, to the superintendence of De-lahoyde and Lucette.

A poet endowed by nature with extraordinary talents, employs his youthful powers in celebrating the triumphs of freedom, in proclaiming the independence and purity of the muse, and in denouncing the slaves of power, and the flatterers of the great. He is hailed by the enthusiastic part of the community as the champion of all that is great, and generous, and noble. His works obtain an extensive circulation among the lovers of enthusiastic feeling and expanded sentiment. He attains the exalted

title of the poet of the people, and becomes the idol of every reader who has not been contaminated by long intercourse with the world, or by an association with courts and courtiers. He exults in the distinctions he has obtained, and denominates those who believe that he will ever tread in the primrose path of preferment, **ILL-JUDGING ONES**. Yet behold the consequence of indulging the imagination, while reason and propriety are forgotten. This strenuous supporter of the rights of man; this poetical minstrel of liberty, reform, and rural innocence, accepts in the very zenith of his fame, a paltry office, of which the tenure is servility; engages to descant on the virtues of a sovereign respecting whom his opinion is known to be unfavourable, for a paltry income, and to add another to the list of those hired flatterers who, from Shelton to Whitehead, have disgraced the form of manhood, and the dignity of literature. He wilfully descends from the eminence that he had attained by the united powers of genius and perseverance, to truckle before the myrmidons of a court, and barter flattery for one hundred and six pounds a year. Forgetting the principles he had avowed, and the language he had employed, he becomes a deplorable example of the influence of external appearance over superior minds, and of the perversion of understanding that frequently follows the smile of a prince, and the squeeze of a secretary. Southey sinks into a servile composer of birth-day rhymes, nor will his present lunacy be ever exceeded except by the *madness of repentance*.

Where will it be possible to find a more proper subject of the Ealing experiment than William Cobbett? Having lost the greater part of his subscribers by his unprincipled inconsistencies, he still persists in the same course of obstinate singularity and periodical vacillation that marked his progress from Mr. Windham's closet to the Old Bailey. The Registers of 1811 and 1812 were chiefly distinguished by low scurrility towards Lord Wellington, by misplaced and unfortunate ridicule of Talavera's wars,

and perpetual sneers at the great lord, and the Chevalier de Bain. He is now the determined advocate of Buonaparte, can see nothing unfavourable to the cause of Napoleon in the flight from Russia, and boldly declares that the allies have commenced hostilities with a more feeble prospect of success than in any preceding contest. He was originally the most violent champion of British principles, and during his residence in America, exhibited at his shop window the portraits of our sovereign and his family, in defiance of the populace; and when he returned to this country, issued manifestoes without number against the treachery, cruelty, fraud, and meanness of our transatlantic friends. But no sooner did America display the most decided and implacable hostility to Great Britain, than Mr. Cobbett became her warm and decided eulogist, and encountered with all the fury of a knight-errant the very arguments and opinions he had himself advanced within the space of a few weeks.

Such are the characters who, had every man his due, would be taken under the superintendence of Delahoyde and Lucette. Whoever deviates from the established principles of moral conduct, and violates his obvious interest, for the gratification of perverted views and unreasonable caprice; whoever perverts the advantages, natural or acquired, that would otherwise contribute to his own felicity, and that of his fellow creatures, to purposes that entail upon himself disgrace and misery, and on the world disappointment, distress, despair, or shame, is in the eye of reason as much a madman as the most violent lunatic within the walls of Bedlam. Even the trivial and ridiculous follies of life, subject their practiser to the just imputation of insanity when exhibited in the most intrusive point of view, and in defiance of morals, good sense, and propriety. Romeo Coates is as much a madman as the Baron de Geramb, or the unfortunate artist of the Haymarket; and possesses as good a claim to common sense as Lancaster to modesty, or Busby to simplicity.

## THE PHYSICAL STRENGTH OF THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS SUPERIOR TO THE FRENCH.

SIR,

POLITICS being the order of the day, and Buonaparte the principal subject, especially as he is losing ground every hour, or as the French would say, "*les eaux sont basses chez lui*," like the rest of the world, I am fond of prophecying, and calculating on the great events to come. Speculating before some foreigners of distinction, on the peculiar physical powers of the French soldiers, in sustaining the fatigues of a long campaign, and their *sang froid* on a field of battle—"You are mistaken, very much mistaken, if you imagine they possess any physical superiority over their enemies—the very reverse is the fact, and if you want a better testimony (for he was a Russian nobleman,) I candidly refer you to Mad. de Stael Holstein's statement, in her Appeal to the Nations of Europe, and am ready to confirm every assertion she has made on the subject." With that he read the following admirable detail, and which I think highly worthy of all the publicity that can be given to it, particularly as there exists strong prejudices among a certain class of our politicians, against the "Russian *serfs*," and "Russian barbarians," as they are pleased to style them, (and partly owing to the misrepresentations of a learned traveller.) This confessedly first female writer of the age thus argues, to prove the superiority of the Russian soldiers over every other in Europe, in a physical point of view.

"The physical strength of man is nearly the same in all countries; yet there are various and powerful causes, which in the exertion and application of that strength, may produce a considerable difference between the natives of one country and those of another; local connexion, local prejudices, the imperceptible influence of a *peculiar construction of laws*, and a *peculiar formation of society*; *temporary enthusiasm*; *prin-*

*ciple ; and habits of life ;* are so many causes whose operation is very powerful in producing that *difference*.—Thus a *Frenchman's* superiority consists in *temporary enthusiasm*, created by the *revolution*, and maintained by Buonaparte's subsequent victories ; that of an Englishman in *principle*, a cause whose action is *permanent*, as far as the stability of the human mind can go. Habits of life are to the body, what principle is to the mind. The union of *both* must make the possessor doubly strong, and their operation must be more powerful and lasting in proportion. The Russian soldier is the only one, perhaps, in whom these *two causes* are closely united. The habits of his life are such, that there is no soldier in the world whose wants are fewer, and who can bear fatigue and the hardships of war with equal fortitude. He is truly indefatigable. He can brave hunger, thirst, weather, want of rest, unusual toils, and extraordinary privations to the utmost, and almost incredible stretch of the physical powers of man. It is by no means an uncommon thing for a Russian soldier to march three days and nights almost without interruption, engage the enemy immediately, fight again for as long a period of time, and come off victorious ! It was this extraordinary physical strength, that is acquired and improved by habit, which prevented the otherwise certain junction of Moreau and Macdonald in Italy, who never believed, never thought, it was possible for one of them to be separated from the other, and be defeated by an enemy so distant from both."

Again :

" The *passive* strength of a Russian soldier, or the ability of suffering long all bodily inconveniences, owing to the same habit, is almost unexampled. As to his *principle*, it is exclusively calculated to make him invincible.—That *principle* is founded upon *religion*, and sacred devotion to duty—He goes to battle with an almost certain anticipation of his end, to meet which he is not only resigned, but even determined. To die in battle, he thinks is the straight road to heaven ; death, therefore, which is the only enemy which could make him shrink from combat, is the very one which he seeks to encounter, and who so far from being an object of fear to him, is that of a joyful expectation of a glorious reward hereafter. The only danger he knows and fears, is to disobey his officer's

commands. Such are his sense, opinion, and conviction of duty, which is constantly uppermost in his thoughts, excluding every idea of peril and danger, that to fulfil it, to execute his orders, or do nothing contrary to them, is his only system, admitting of no modification in peculiar cases of imminent danger, of no exception, no allowance whatever—to perform whatever he is commanded, or to die, is the only alternative he adopts. Were one officer and one soldier only left on the field, out of a whole Russian army, and surrounded by thousands of the victorious enemy, the soldier would not *lay down his arms*, if the officer commanded him not to do it."

The following anecdote is related in confirmation of the above assertions :

" Peter the Great at an interview with the kings of Denmark and Poland, hearing them boast of the superiority of their soldiers, instead of disputing the point with them, proposed an experiment, which was immediately assented to, and which was, to order a grenadier to *jump out of a third floor window*. The king of Denmark tried the experiment on one of his bravest and most loyal soldiers, who on his knee refused compliance.—The king of Poland waved the trial altogether, conceiving it to be hopeless ; when Peter ordered one of his soldiers, the least promising that could be picked out, to descend the window.—The soldier merely crossed himself, touched his hat according to form, boldly marched to the window, and had already one of his legs out, when the emperor stopped him, and told him he was satisfied. The kings were astonished, and each made the soldier a present of 100 ducats, requesting Peter to promote him to the rank of officer.—The Czar answered he would do so to oblige them, but not to reward the soldier, for all his soldiers would do as much, and by rewarding them in the same way, he would have no soldiers at all."

Independent of Mad. de Stael Holstein's opinion and general conclusions, we have the undoubted testimony of the gallant Sir Robert Wilson. It may therefore be inferred, as a matter of congratulation (notwithstanding the great sacrifice,) that Russia's having been personally engaged, and roused by the insatiable tyrant, has been the

cause of all the good consequences likely to result from the destinies of the northern campaign ; for very probably no such coalition, no such confederacy, would have been formed had the despot foreseen the slightest shadow of a defeat. But “quod non potest vult posse, qui nimium potest,” is verified in the savage and ambitious policy of the Corsican, whose downfall seems as inevitable as it is desirable. To the magnanimous and resolute spirit of Alexander, may we attribute the “expectant good,” and more than present partial benefit arising from the existing coalition and contest for the conservation of the liberties and the laws of Europe. Instead therefore of denominating the Russians as mere barbarians and slaves, they are entitled to every honourable appellation as the defenders of the most sacred cause, the liberties of the continent, the balance of power, and the protection of the laws.

A CONSTITUTIONALIST.

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#### WHAT MAKES AN OLD MAID.

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Two or three groans for charms that are fled,  
 Two or three groans for her lovers all dead,  
 Two or three groans when she sees any gay,  
 Two or three groans when she loses at play,  
 Two or three groans when she goes to a ball,  
 Two or three groans when she can't have a call,  
 Two or three groans when she looks in her glass,  
 Two or three groans when beaux carelessly pass,  
 Two or three groans when some beauty succeeds,  
 Two or three groans when she sees title deeds,  
 Two or three groans as she gossips at tea,  
 Two or three groans as she takes her rappee,  
 Two or three groans for knowing she is old,  
 Make an old maid a miserable scold.

## THE REVIEWER.—No. XXV.

*The Second Book of Wonders, more marvellous than the First*  
(by Joanna Southcott.) 1813.

THE task of criticising a pamphlet of which the blasphemy is only equalled by the stupidity, may at first sight appear to our readers as superfluous as it is disgusting. It will be presumed by many, that the evident dullness and absurdity of Southcott's publications, preclude the possibility of their extensive circulation, or belief even among the credulous and uncultivated circles of society. But the number of her works, and the zeal of her admirers, are sufficient evidence that even the most despicable prose, and the most miserable doggrel, will be read with delight by ignorance and superstition; that no impiety is too bold for the credulity of the timid, the credulous, and the fanatic; and that impudence, lunacy, and falsehood, are the indispensable and effectual attributes of a successful prophetess.

The attorney generals of the present reign have displayed a laudable zeal in the service of religion, and have prosecuted with a severity that many will regard as just, the pamphlets that have appeared on behalf of infidelity. But of what utility is the punishment of an Eaton, while the productions of a Southcott are published with impunity? or what greater danger can accrue to the cause of christianity, than the public declaration of an illiterate and misguided female that she enjoys familiar and personal intercourse with our Saviour, and is daily favoured with his private conversation? Such pretensions extend the progress of infidelity more effectually than the open and direct attacks of the Unitarian or the sceptic, and by degrading the truths of Christianity, dissipate the reverence and the faith of the community.

It might surely occur to the friends of Joanna Southcott that if she possess the gift of prophecy, it must have been granted by heaven for some specific and im-

portant purpose; and that the proof of her inspiration might be determined by her prediction of some extraordinary fact, which might be afterwards compared with the prophecy. But what are the truths that she has enforced, or the events that she has foreseen in her various publications? The pamphlet before us abounds with details of her own convulsions, and general declamation on the right construction of particular texts of scripture. But it contains nothing that is of importance to the public, or conducive to the general welfare of mankind; nothing that challenges or defies the scrutiny of those who doubt her prophetic powers; nothing that may be verified or refuted by a reference to facts. She asserts indeed that she has fresh things revealed to her every day, but she avariciously keeps them to herself, and cruelly leaves the world in doubt and darkness.

“ I am awaked (she says) every morning between three and four o'clock : I sit up in my bed till day breaks, and have communications given me as soon as I wake. When the day breaks I rise and go down into the dining-room by myself; the moment I enter the room, I feel as though I was surrounded with angels : feeling a heavenly joy which I cannot describe, and which has taken from me my natural appetite : for three weeks past I could not take any breakfast, had no appetite to my dinner, neither could I drink my tea in the afternoon, and had no appetite for my supper ; yet I feel no want of food. As soon as I had finished my last book, new things were revealed to me, and I was ordered to have seven respectable friends, to meet together at four o'clock on Thursday afternoon, September 23d, to hear read what had been revealed to me ; and what I was directed to do, that they might be witnesses.”

It might be concluded from all this preparation that the *things revealed* were of the utmost importance to mankind, and decisive of the happiness of nations, and the fate of empires. The chief object however of these heavenly visitations, is not the salvation or the welfare of mankind, but the special announcement from heaven,

that Joanna (who is now an old woman of sixty-three) *shall be married!*

“ Soon after my visitation in this powerful manner, I was answered that I should have all new clothing for the sake of my female friends, and was ordered to have twelve new gowns, which I immediately gave orders for. On Monday the 27th of September it was revealed to me, that my new clothing was for my wedding garments, for I must enter into a marriage union with man ; but it was the wisdom of the Lord to conceal from me, and to conceal from all, that such a union would take place: and therefore I was ordered to pen my own choice, which was to have a heavenly inheritance when my work was done, instead of an earthly one ; but in my writings, which are sealed up, I know it is said that I should have an earthly husband, whom the Lord would resign the whole to ; but what was printed was to prevent any man's making an offer to me ; that I might be kept for the man whom the Lord had designed for me.”

Were this happy union to take place, there is no doubt that the *same spirit* which predicted the marriage, would render it prolific : and in that case with what a hopeful progeny of prophetesses and prophets will this fortunate land be blessed ? The whole region of Camden Town and Pentonville will be crowded with youthful seers, and aspiring dreamers of dreams. Henceforward it will be as much the task of the historian to record what is to come, as to relate what is past. The plans of the statesman, and the preparations of the warrior will be fruitless and superfluous: human enterprize must give way to the predominance of fate, and the national income be expended in rewarding the prophetic deserts of the race of Southcott. An act of parliament will be passed, prohibiting the exportation of such valuable members of the community to the continent of Europe ; and as we can thus foresee the expedients of enemies, and the stratagems of friends, without being ourselves the subjects of prophetic scrutiny, we may defy the hostility and the machinations of the world.

But who is the thrice blessed and beloved personage, to whom providence has granted the full possession of Joanna's charms? Had the age of the lady been less respectable, we should have supposed her announcement of the prophecy to have been a gentle hint to that part of the male community with which she is accustomed to associate; but as she has arrived at the age of *sixty-three*, we do believe that she trusts for a husband to providence alone. On whom its choice will fall is perhaps beyond the reach of human speculation; yet there are doubtless in this large metropolis many fit and proper persons, who would fulfil the duties of a husband to the entire satisfaction of a virgin of sixty-three: the Irish Giant, for instance; one of the Tower porters; or a stout middle-aged coal-heaver from Whitefriars, might answer the purpose of a speedy procreation: if spiritual council be required, the worker of miracles from Hockley-hole may serve the purpose; and if mere dalliance be her aim, one of the Regent's body-guards will doubtless accept her person and her purse. Of all the persons, however, who might be expected to share the honor of the beauteous Miss Southcott, the most eligible in every point of view, appears to be that learned and venerable gentleman, Dr. Francis Moore, the editor of that oracular and erudite publication the *Annual Almanack*. For a hundred and ten years has that ingenious gentleman foretold the vicissitudes of states and empires; the variation of weather; the deaths of sultans and emperors; and the issues of confederations and diplomatic discussions. He breathes the very spirit of prophecy; the confidence of his admirers has been confirmed by the accomplishment of his prediction respecting the death of the Grand Turk, and he is in all probability destined to live throughout the greater part of the present century. Now if we are instructed and enlightened by the solitary labours of Dr. Moore, how much more should we be informed and gratified, by the conjoined and connected labours of Joanna and her husband—of Dr. and

Mrs. Moore? The whole race of vulgar fortune-tellers would yield precedence to the illustrious couple; and while Francis denounced to the farmer the approach of rain, or proclaimed the death of some powerful monarch, Joanna would instruct us in the mysteries of our spiritual welfare, and inform us respecting the future destination of our most celebrated men. She would enable us to ascertain what chance remains of Lord H——'s going to heaven, and how many years will elapse before Lord Y—— goes to the other place.

With all due respect to Miss Southcott, we cannot but regard it as somewhat singular, that the spirit by which she is inflamed should be unacquainted with grammar, rhyme or metre. It has been generally supposed that when the inhabitants of heaven condescended to visit this nether earth they fulfilled their duties with the highest possible *eclat*, and retained, even in their adoption of human language, the traces of their superior nature. But the celestial beings who minister to Miss Southcott are guilty of the most miserable doggrel, the most incorrect rhymes, and the most glaring violations of English Grammar. Ex. gr.

I'll bring her low, they all shall know,  
If she do soar too high;  
And if beyond my bounds she goes,  
She'll have no wings to fly.

I'll bring her low, you all shall know,  
And she hath nought to *boust* :  
For had I left her to herself  
She'd stumbled like the rest.

Again :

I would have a plough that was *strong*,  
And so I shall tell thee I now go *on*.

And so I let him lead thee on  
Till to the purpose thou didst come,  
The way that I am in thy form,  
It is in spirit it must be known.

Throughout the pamphlet she represents our Saviour as taking possession of her form, declaring that she is a woman after his own heart, and revealing to her in familiar conversation the most wonderful and momentous truths. We leave our readers to discover whether the subjoined passages be most indicative of imposture or of lunacy.

"Thursday morning as I was sitting up in my bed about 5 o'clock a flash of light came into my room, which I thought was the candle that blazed as it was going out. But immediately a loud clap of thunder followed, and then the lightning came flash after flash, and the thunder seemed to roll at a distance.

"I was answered that now the light should burst upon man, for his thunder they should hear one way or another. For the meaning of preserving the tree of life was to bring the woman to perfect obedience, as all that are born into the world are born of the woman, and in *her* is life created."

She proceeds as follows, *Christus loquitur* :

"And now I (Jesus Christ) shall answer thee, to make it plain to mankind what is meant by being in my form."

Page 97, &c. we are entertained by a full and distinct history of her father's losses ; of his love for his tenants, and his quarrels with his neighbours. The rest of the pamphlet is a mere jumble of unconnected and indecent rhapsodies expressed in language that by its vulgarity bids defiance to criticism, and by its profaneness challenges the indignation of the christian and the moralist. We resign their tender, virtuous and amiable charge to Misses Townley and Underwood, with mingled feelings of wonder at their credulity, and of pity for their great and melancholy errors.

## SIGNS AND SAYINGS.

SIR,

THERE is no disputing with custom, or in other words, with prejudice. We are not far behind Rome, in her *chalk* and *charcoal* days (lucky and unlucky) ominous signs, and proverbial sayings. A short time since I was staying in Euphemia's house, who has two fine daughters, and as accomplished as a modern seminary can make them; but it seems, a superior education cannot erase the idle impressions early inculcated by a superstitious parent: not to occupy more of your time than is necessary, I shall mention a few *trifling* incidents, which elated or depressed my friend's little family. The morning I called on my friend I found her youngest daughter, Caroline Cleopatra Constantia, in tears; and asking the occasion of so much grief, her mother told me, in a most serious tone, that poor Caroline Cleopatra Constantia had had the misfortune to break a *looking glass*, which foreboded *seven years ill-luck*—before I had time to ridicule such folly, Georgiana Maria Delphina came running into the room, acquainting her mother that she had *tumbled up stairs*; thank Heaven! ejaculated the silly parent, this is a good sign, for you *will be shortly married*. At dinner-time, the *salt was spilt*, and clouded the brow of my hostess, as an omen of *sorrow*; but a *round cinder* dropping from the grate, brought smiles on her countenance, as it was a sign of a *full purse*; this sunshine lasted but a little while, for an *oblong* one popping out of the fire, represented a *coffin*, and that was a sure sign of *death*.

At supper time, an altercation very nearly ensued between the sisters, for Georgiana Maria Delphina, seeing some *sparks in the candle*, joyfully cried out, there were *love letters* coming from Augustus Fitzhenry; but on Caroline Cleopatra Constantia's *pointing her fingers* to the flame, she angrily rebuked her sister, for *intercepting them*. After this I begged permission to retire, half amused

and half disgusted with such conceits. This day was but a mere epitome of the rest during my abode in Euphemia's house. Their various and rhodomontade signs and sayings defy all calculation; but as a specimen, I shall enumerate one class of signs, and among the most fanciful, select for the amusement of your readers, the order of *Itchings*, with their *significations*.

Itching of the eye-brows,	Some one <i>wishing</i> for you.
_____ right eye,	Going to laugh.
_____ left ditto,	_____ cry.
_____ nose, .	_____ lose a friend.
_____ lips, .	_____ get a <i>strange kiss</i> .
_____ elbows,	_____ get a <i>strange bed-fellow</i> .
_____ right hand,	_____ receive money.
_____ left ditto,	_____ pay away.
_____ <i>a posteriori</i> ,	_____ ride in a strange carriage.
_____ knees, .	_____ kneel in a strange church.
_____ feet, .	_____ on strange ground.

These *corporeal* signs are believed by all the prognosticating proselytes as true "as holy writ," and deserve the *ridicule*, not the censure of the satirist. These hypochondriacs (for such they may be termed) not only plague themselves, but all around them; for none but those who have resided among these inveterate fatuists, know how disagreeable their society is rendered, and to oppose whom, one may as well, as St. Paul says, kick against the pricks. That most people only amuse themselves with these omens and signs I allow; but that there are many fools stupid enough to credit them, is well known in every house in town and country.

#### ANTI-AUGURISM.

P. S. An eccentric friend of mine, who in every other respect is a man of sense, never accepts an invitation of a *Friday*, believing it to be a *dies infaustus*; and always remains at home, to consult his musty astrological MSS.—A neighbouring humorist invites him oftener on this day than any other—but superstition prevails over a keen appetite.

FASHIONABLE FEELINGS;  
OR,  
MOTHERS IN HIGH LIFE.

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SIR,

OF the three orders of society, the middling class are less subject to *hereditary* diseases, or predisposing causes of complaints incident to children, than the higher and the lower; arising from the vitiated mode of living among the former, and the depravations of morals and privations of the latter. Of all the prevailing customs, or rather fashions in high life, there is none so deserving of censure, as mothers refusing to suckle their infants, for *fear* of destroying their *lovely figures!!!*—There is no palliating so scandalous a practice, unless mothers are indisposed by weakness and exhaustion. Did the infatuated votaries of fashion and folly rightly consult their *own* happiness (as well as the health of their tender offspring) they would nurse them, instead of hiring foreign food and foreign feelings. Admitting that they procure young women of robust and healthy constitutions, they are not substitutions equal to parental caresses and sensations: on the other hand, when we reflect that the generality of these wet nurses are subjects of seduction, and of the most impure association, what consequences are to be dreaded, from entrusting children to their care; even suppose that a healthy young married woman, who in order to better her circumstances offers to suckle two, still it is evident enough that her own child will partake more particularly of her care than a stranger's. Nothing but imperious necessity can offer the slightest apology for mothers refusing the breast. More than *sevenths* of the diseases of fashionable people's children, are to be attributed to the morbid nourishment they imbibe from hired nurses, and parental negligence. Women of fashion adopt the worst means of preserving their persons—to avoid extremes, mothers need not suckle their children

longer than four months, and five at *farthest*. This period is best for the child, and does not disfigure the beauty of its mother's bosom, which seems to be the principal concern among fashionable and foolish women. Poor women, prejudiced and ignorant, are often obstinate and silly enough to suckle their *infants*, for nine, twelve, and sixteen months together ; a practice highly *pernicious* to themselves, and destructive to their offspring, as it not only debilitates their system, but destroys the growth and proper habits of their infants ; who either fall victims to it themselves, or live in a state of emaciation and misery, till " the third stage of life," when " consumption basking in the sun" seizes them as her prey " to endless realms of death." A case came under my observation of a lady, who had put her child out to nurse, a very fine boy, and for no other reason than fear of spoiling her " form divine." The poor infant contracted from its nurse a peculiar disease, and fell a sacrifice to its *secondary* state and virulence. Shortly after, her husband was killed in the Spanish wars ; her affairs became deranged, the loss of her child, who would have been her chief consolation, added to a sense of her own follies, and the cruelty of her conduct in abandoning her infant, when providence had favoured her with the means of nourishing and supporting it, all combined to destroy a person that once bade fair to enjoy the sweets of social competence and comfort. This is but one case, out of a hundred that may be yearly witnessed among the higher and dissolute circles. Not wishing to swell your pages, I shall here close these few hints on the baneful and abominable practice alluded to, and on some future occasion shall detail many consequences attached to such parental *indifference*, as will I trust deter some of your female readers from following a fashion, more deserving, however, the appellation of a *crime* than a folly !

PATER FAMILIAS.

## LIVING ANIMALS

SELECTED TO

RANGE THE R——Y PARK.

## THE SLOTH AND SYREN.

*Fuggi infamia tuttavia, vera o falza ch'ella sia.*

Shun wiles of infamy, since false or true,  
The lure holds nothing but disgrace to view.

'Tis the strumpet's plague  
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.

WITH belly protruding, an hogshhead complete,  
Outrivall'd by nothing save honour's huge seat ;  
Bedeck'd with the trappings of *braw Sawney lad*,  
The Tartan on head and array'd in the *Plaid\** ;  
With pipe in the mouth puffing volumes of smoke,  
Whose scent might a legion of Hollanders choke ;  
Behold stupid *Sloth*, who with kindred appears,  
Well worthy a brace of the donkey's huge ears.

This beast apes *Old Buck* in the passion of love,  
With stale hackney'd *Syren†* as soft as a dove,  
Enamour'd of strains that may well charm a beast,  
For *The Soldier when Tir'd*, thinks a song a rich feast,  
On mountain of flesh thus the *Sloth* lies a *Billing*  
With *ton* weight his arms he is fondest of filling:  
Since female he vows that's deserving his touch,  
With *mountain‡* should vie since he can't have too much.

\* It is not meant to be infered that the animal of which I treat is *bona fide* from beyond the Tweed, being merely honoured with the command of a legion of breechless Highland beasts, whensoever it is necessary that they should do their exercise and pass under review.

† The annals of this creature are characterized by a series of actions too notorious to stand in need of recapitulation, wherefore I merely conceive it necessary to remark, that the fascinations of a voice must indeed be powerful to obliterate in the mind of the *Sloth* all recollection of former proceedings.

‡ As the sluggard *Sloth* is like the Heidelburgh *ton* pretty capacious of body, it has imbibed a love for shes of the fattest order; and as it is by no means unlikely, but that laziness, eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping

*Sloth and Syren:**Parody.—SYREN sings.*

O! ponder well my pr--c-ly dear,  
 Thou darling of my life,  
 That I adore thee is most clear,  
 Though not thy wedded wife.  
 If hundreds have my favours known,  
 None e'er delighted me;  
 Not e'en departed *Portland stone*,\*  
 So much, sweet *Sloth*, as thee.

*Parody.—SLOTH sings.*

Through all the enjoyments of life,  
 Sweet *Syren* I'll vie with my brother;  
 With an actr-ss I'll live as my wife,  
 One jilt is as good as another.  
 John Bull may roar out 'tis a cheat,  
 Such *Syrens* I vow are divine;  
 Be her breeching and body but great,  
 And i'faith the huge beast shall be mine.

*Parody.—SYREN sings,*

Lazy *Sloth* now say,  
 When you are away,  
 Does your passion ever stray,  
 And make you faithless lover?

*Parody.—SLOTH sings.*

Without disguise,  
 My bosom's sighs,  
 For other eyes,  
 No *penchant* e'er discover;  
 Then perch'd upon thy knoll,  
 Now fondly let me loll,  
 O! bloated swabby doll.

---

may tend to encrease this rotundity of corporation, I must seriously advise that terms may be offered in time to the innkeeper at *Ware* in Hertfordshire, whose *great bed* will alone be capable of receiving two such *monstrous animals*.

\* As the above designation infers wonderful density it is therefore matter of little surprize that a former bulwark of the island of beasts should in its old age have been tied to this *Syren's* apron string, for

Les femmes peuvent tout, parcequelles gouvernent les personnes qui gouvernent tous.

THE JACKALL.

*Misera est magni custodia census.*

*Juvenal.*

A large estate, to husband well,  
Becomes the servitude of hell.

Let him scoff that wills at thee,  
*Jackall* thou hast eyes to see ;  
And tho' optics be but small,  
Still thy ken can compass all ;  
Since thou stand'st enroll'd the nurse,  
E'en of *Old Buck* and his purse.

Thou with *Sieyes*\* canst make stand,  
Weathering storm of ev'ry band ;  
Loss of *friend* and loss of *place*,  
Ne'er yet doom'd thee to disgrace ;  
*Parties* loud have rais'd the din,  
*Outs* bewail, still thou art *In*.

By that bloated pimply face,  
Bacchus' vot'ry I can trace ;  
While each sparkling bumper glass,  
Shows decrease of *Lagenas* ;  
Wherefore, *Jackall*, 'tis thy luck  
To get boozy with *Old Buck*.

Am'rous pastimes eke combine,  
With this fondness for the vine ;  
Thou art form'd those *Shes* to find,  
Suited to thy master's mind :  
And in choosing 'tis thy care,  
To take *forty, fat, and fair*.†

---

\* Like this Gallic priest who has weathered every storm of the revolutionary factions, so has our *Jackall* witnessed the decline and fall of every favorite who has basked in the sunshine of the *Old Buck*, and still continues to enjoy the smiles of that changeful animal, which in this instance displays great good sense, as there does not exist one animal among his former or present favorites that is endowed with better intellect, or more capable of filling the motley calling with which it is so honoured.

† Drinking and wenching are such necessary concomitants to insure the station of a favorite with the *Old Buck*, that it would be ridiculous to suppose the *Jackall* could so long have retained his post without having these ingredients

*The Spaniel.*

Ever moving in this track,  
 Thou continu'st *favor'd Jack* :  
 So in one thing all agree,  
 None have sense more keen than thee ;  
 Still continue sweet as honey,  
 Guard, O ! guard the *bags of money* !

## THE SPANIEL.

*Dociles imitandis,**Turpibus et praves omnes sumus.**Juvenal.*

'Tis easy vice's draughts to sip,  
 And from the paths of virtue slip.

Just cunning as a second Daniel,  
 With wagging tale behold the *Spaniel* ;  
 Array'd in party-coloured skin,  
 True symbol of the harlequin\* ;  
 Bright orator and keen inditer,  
 Sweet poet ; sound dramatic writer,  
 Son of wine, and son of pleasure,  
 Wenching, drinking, without measure,  
 On chicane for ever set,  
 Dogg'd by bailiffs for a debt,  
 Such the *Spaniel* now we see,  
 Gracing *Old Buck's coterie*.

Alas ! quite old the beast now growing,  
 From tongue no eloquence is flowing,  
 The Muse's fire by time put out,  
 It scarcely knows what 'tis about ;

---

mingled in his composition. Having, therefore, endured thus long the fickle tempers of his employer, there is little doubt but the *purse* will continue unmolested in charge of the above useful little animal, which as I have before stated is in every respect formed to conduct matters in the best way possible.

\* The extraordinary versatile powers long possessed by this *Spaniel* were the admiration not only of the beasts in R.—y Park, but the whole progeny of *Bull Calf*, which regarded in this dog the protector of its rights and privileges, while the charms of its *barking* are universally allowed to go hand in hand with the cry of the *Fox*, or any other subtle and wary animal.

And wields no more dramatic truncheon,  
Living on floods from brandy puncheon\*.

Child of age, and fled the powers  
Erst display'd in Venus bowers;  
Nothing now remains of thee,  
Save thy known chicanery;  
Which so long as life be giv'n,  
Stands enroll'd thy mental leaven.

O'er-clouded are the *Old Buck's* favours,  
His fickle mind in friendship wavers;  
Forgot are now the *Spaniel's* tricks†,  
In lieu of pats, assailed with kicks:  
Excluded by a *dunning* jury,  
He grasps no more the funds of *Drury*;  
But chain'd, cannot o'erleap dimension,  
Prescrib'd by settled *yearly pension*;  
Wherewith crusty he gnaws bone,  
Hurl'd from senatorial throne;  
Farewell, beast, thy race is run,  
*Death* is near—thy latest *DUN*!

---

\* It has appeared for some time back that increase of years, inebriety and free living have compleatly warped the intellectual splendour of this once extraordinary dog, which appears to have relinquished all idea of public literary pursuits; the latter of which if properly attended to would have realized the most splendid fortune, whereas a laziness of habit has been the constant bane of the Spaniel, which though incessantly reduced to want, compleatly belied the words of *Horace*, where he says, that

*Ingenium res adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.*

† It is generally accredited that on account of some opinions barked out by the Spaniel, in a public assembly, the favour of *Old Buck* is now withdrawn. With regard to the *dunning Jury* it is well known that the erection of the *Drury* fabric would never have been effected, had not this dog agreed to relinquish all claim upon the property, on receipt of an annual allowance: with this, however, competent as it may be, the writer feels infinite surprize that the animal should escape legal jeopardy, as the *Doe* and the *Roe* are now at liberty to attack him whensoever they please. Whether or not the former bar to such animals will again be erected, by placing the *Spaniel* in *Saint Stephen's Kennel*, time will alone make manifest.

## THE MONGREL CUR.

*Vitium fuit, nunc mos est, adsentatio.*

*Syrus.*

Time was that *flatt'ry* vice was thought,  
But *custom* ranks it now as naught.

Lo ! fawning, snapping, who comes here ?  
Of *Morn* the *Herald* base ;  
Whose supple body's fram'd to veer,  
At will, from place to place.\*

Time was a brother cur he met,  
Which rais'd a mighty talk ;  
Each *shamm'd* to be in wond'rous pet,  
Their *bullets* merely *cork*.†

'This whining cur for years long past,  
An *Herald's* course hath run ;  
But now dubb'd *B-r-n-t* at last,‡  
He thinks the *mitre's* won.

---

\* Of all the adepts at *hic et ubique* this priestly *Mongrel Cur* ranks most preeminently conspicuous, as in the course of its career every party has in turns experienced its snarlings and sycophancy. As to its powers when considered as a *M—— H——*, no yelpings can be more despicable ; it is the pander of every courtly action, for the sole purpose of self-aggrandizement, which it has in part attained by a recent augmentation of its name.

† Every one at all coversant with occurrences of fifty years back, must call to recollection the battle between this *Mongrel Cur* and a departed beast long resident in Saint George's Fields ; the pretended quarrel in question being about a *She Dog*, which afterwards experienced the fatal effects of placing confidence in *Bowes*.

‡ If a *Mongrel cur* has not been educated at Oxford or Cambridge universities, it is requisite in order to its obtainment of a *M-t-e*, that some title of honour should grace its name ; wherefore, during the command of *Old Buck's* Sire, our *Cur* uniformly presented his own name whensoever a batch of *B——s* was made, but as uniformly the designation was always erased by the sagacious ruler, who knew the beast too well ; since that period, however, the predecessor has conferred this honour, which the *Mongrel* hopes may prove the key-stone to its inauguration.

Yet while of beasts the former chief,  
Possess'd of power the rein,  
This Mongrel's hopes were drown'd in grief,  
His efforts all were vain.

But when at helm *Old Buck* took place,  
This cur, a pander leech,  
Salv'd ev'ry *vice* as if a *grace*,  
And fawning kiss'd the breech.\*

By acts like these he hopes to seal  
The summit of his wishes ;  
And for ecclesiastic weal,  
Partake of *loaves* and *fishes*.

'Tis this desire impells his *gall*,  
To rank a *courtly writer* ;  
His darling wish, *cathedral stall*,  
The *bishop's robe* and *mitre*.

But if my pray'rs can ought avail,  
May such a *r-v-r-nd cur*  
In this design completely fail,  
Nor thus God's calling slur !

Your *Mongrels* all are graceless dogs,  
No sportsman can abide 'em ;  
They nothing scent but food.—Like hogs  
May Old Nick always guide 'em !

One cur like this would taint a pack,  
In field found always tripping ;  
Wherefore instead of robes on back,  
It merits huntsman's whipping.

---

\* In order to effect the darling purpose of his heart, there is no degradation to which this palavering *Mongrel* will not submit, witness his *Heraldic barkings* every morning, that are issued forth to murder truth, and sicken reason and common sense.

## NEWSPAPERS.

SIR,

THE utility of the press in circulating useful information among the lower classes of the community, in inviting the principles of political independence, and diffusing a general spirit of reflection and inquiry, are too obvious to demand illustration, or to justify denial. Yet it may be doubted whether its beneficial influence be not more than counterbalanced by the immorality, indecency, and utter destitution of moral and political principle, so observable in those popular vehicles of slander, folly, and malignity, the newspapers.

Whoever examines the history of the popular journals for the last few years, will discover that their editors have been guided in their opinions by the most selfish and mercenary motives. The Courier, originally a vehement advocate of revolutionary opinions, became, in a single day, the furious supporter of the Pittite system ; the columns of the Times were crowded with the most gloomy predictions respecting Spain, and the most gross abuse of Lord Wellington, till the Marquis of Wellesley converted the traducer by purchasing one-eighth of the paper ; and the Statesman commenced its career with libels on Cobbett, and furious attacks on the reformers, till its determined support of the O. P.'s introduced it to the notice of the rabble, and rendered it advisable to accommodate its political dissertations to the common taste for democratic vehemence.

The general excitement of curiosity in those who had much more wisely attend to business than to the affairs of Europe, or the transactions of their neighbours, is a powerful argument against the utility of newspapers. The common people of late years have become so wonderfully learned by the increase of Sunday and Weekly Journals, Gazettes, Packets, Pilots, Ledgers, Chronicles, Posts, and Statesmen, that the humblest peasant, and the sootiest

chimney-sweeper, would be ashamed not to read and understand the news. Questions of every kind, which in former times were regarded as difficult and obscure, are now discussed by every class of people with the utmost ease and perspicuity. Their attention is not only taken up with government, continental, colonial, company, county and corporation affairs, but they have also to attend to the business of their neighbours'; domestic occurrences, and the private transactions of individuals, being regarded as the legitimate subjects of general curiosity and inquiry, as public and ministerial measures.

It must be admitted, indeed, that the newspaper press affords to a variety of hands a comfortable occupation. Rag-merchants, paper-makers, stationers, paragraph-mongers, printers, hawkers, &c. find in the daily and weekly prints the means of exercising their respective talents. Innumerable authors, *anonymi anonymorum*—an endless train! adepts in all sciences, divines in masquerade, are supported by these channels of light amusements, and profound speculation.

Every species of guilt, every mode of extravagance, every description of gambling, and every possible method of subverting order, and setting the laws at defiance, are daily intimated, propagated, and supported by the newspapers. A paper without murders, robberies, rapes, incest, sacrilege, incendiary, letters, forgeries, executions, and suicides, is said to be void of news. Without these inspiring articles of intelligence, a newspaper is insipid as a tragedy without daggers and bowls of poison. The dislocation of a bricklayer's limbs, and the destruction of an extensive manufactory by fire, are read with an avidity that demonstrates how much the daily and familiar narration of such facts conduces to corrupt the imagination and indurate the heart.

The advertisements of newspapers, while they may prove of occasional and individual utility, are a great and general nuisance to the virtuous and respectable part of the community. Through the medium of advertisements panders

publish their utility; prostitutes, in the character of ladies in distress, proclaim their apartments, and quacks extend the circulation of their nostrums. Empirics indeed are the prominent characters in a newspaper. Every one will hearken to the voice of him who impudently asserts, and plausibly pretends; and however ill-qualified to discharge or demonstrate what he may have undertaken, he has no occasion to be discouraged, but with an unblushing confidence may depend on the favor and patronage of the public.

A young lady, of great beauty and merit, jaded out with tramping the streets, sick of a town life, and sore with midnight bruises, apprehending another Bridewell *lying-in*, advertises for a partner for life. "She is not without friends, fortune, and admirers; but she has not yet met with the *man* for whom she has hitherto preserved her spotless *heart*, and has made a vow never to part with her hand before she does. Her sentiments of the delicate passion correspond with the ancient heraldry. The *hearts* of old, says our inimitable Shakespeare, gave *hands*. Not that she is affectedly nice respecting his person, years, or exterior. A young man, she charitably presumes, may be virtuous; a man of middle age discreet, and if somewhat advanced in life she would hope to profit herself by his wisdom and experience. It is the *mind* that she regards more than the *man*; and a chaste companion more than a husband. Letters directed to —, &c. &c."

Unmarried ladies, who have been so unfortunate as to sprain their ancles, or to acquire dropsical habits, may have them reduced with the greatest ease and delicacy; and married ladies becoming pregnant during the absence of their spouses, be treated with the utmost tenderness and consideration, and their brats be provided for.

Benefices also are sold and exchanged by public advertisement; a whole parish of human souls is advertised to be transferred by their fickle pastors, after the

same manner that a frolicsome farmer barter away his flocks of sheep. I have an advertisement before me of a man who writes himself *reverend*, but who has certainly undertaken the most irreverent employment that ever engaged the attention of a Christian minister. It is addressed to the clergy, whom he acquaints, without any ceremony, and without having the fear of God, or of the bishop, before his eyes, that he continues *to buy, sell, and exchange* LIVINGS, &c. to buy and sell *chaplainships*, &c. I do not exactly understand what articles are comprehended in the &c.'s, but I take it for granted, any man so void of Christian principle, would buy or sell, or exchange any thing else for the sake of gain.

With the same matchless impudence, another learned divine, who writes himself D. D. steals printed sermons, has them engraved in a writing hand, publicly advertises and vends the same to young and ignorant deacons and curates, to be palmed by them on the ignorant and deluded vulgar, as compositions of their own.

Numerous candidates, as void of grace as of understanding, are continually offering themselves for LECTURESHIPS, and dividing a parish into various and acrimonious parties in support of some evangelical preacher, who neglects his own congregation to share the profits of a fashionable chapel. Consecrated chapels are now become the most valuable freeholds; they are advertised in common with houses, granaries, and beer-cellars; and shine conspicuous, side by side, with Gowland's Lotion, or the Russia Oil.

The subjoined advertisement, in which are blended the excellencies of several others that have lately appeared in the Post and Sunday Instructor, presents us with a correct idea of the pious and disinterested motives by which the establishers of popular chapels are excited to activity.

*Advertisement.*

**FOR** the glory of God, and the service of Christ's church.—

**TO BE LET**, for one year certain, or leased for a longer term,  
**T—— S——** Chapel; well situate, standing and being upon  
 a rising ground, in a genteel, substantial, and liberal neighbourhood.

There is on the outside, a good **CLOCK**, by **HARRISON**; and an elegant **TURRET**, capp'd after the pleasing manner of a **CHINESE TEMPLE**, on the central top of which turret is a weathercock, which, to those who have the courage and curiosity to ascend, affords the most delicious prospect in the world!

The **SURRY** hills, to the delighted eye, appear like playful lambkins—sporting kids, the **Middlesexian Ossa** and **OLYMPUS**, **HAMPSTEAD** and **HIGHGATE** hight! while **ISLINGTON**, salubrious, shines serene—sweetly contrasted with **BAGNIGGE WELLS**, and **HOCKLEY IN THE HOLE**.

There is also a well-toned bell, not ear-piercing sharp, nor melancholy deep; by the famous **Lincoln bell-founder**.

The time-piece within the chapel is by the celebrated **GRIGNION**, the wonderful horometer and horologist; and so just are its movements, that the female visitors of fashion esteem it as a perfect regulator, and set their repeaters after it, during the psalm-singing part of the service.

The pulpit and reading-desk, which are richly carved with grotesque heads and ornaments, cost seventy-two pounds; and the sounding-board is so admirably constructed that the gentlest whisper may be conveyed to the dullest ear, in the remotest corner!

The **Ten Commandments**, the **Lord's Prayer**, and the **Creed**, are highly finished, flourished, and beautifully diversified in all the known characters of Europe, and set in matchless *papier mache* frames, gleaming in all the effulgence of burnished gold.

The cove, canopy, roof, or ceiling is fret in fresco, the walls stuccoed, the pavement modern mosaic, of the latest fashion; the whole insuperably brilliant.

The pews, many of which are faced with azure blue, and saxon green, studded with lacquered broad-headed spikes, bring in at present, no more than four hundred and fifty pounds a year, but may be easily improved to seven or eight hundred,

without crowding the company, and allowing sufficient lolling and lounging room.

There is no expence of clerk or pew-opener, they being amply considered out of the Christmas-offerings, commonly called box-money.

No expence of organist, for as yet there is no organ; but there is one building, which, when put, will with the necessary chaunters and voices, be compensated by voluntary subscriptions.

There are only thirty coaches and ten sedans who honor the chapel at present with their devotions; but it is computed, that the number will be trebled as soon as the orchestra is opened.

The surplice fees, or *benevolent donations*, are evidently on the increase, from the amiable and generous disposition of the wealthy visitors, who chuse to have the mystical rite of *mutrimony* and the solemnity of *baptism* performed by the chaplain, in preference to the parish rector.

The cryptic dormitory, in which will be deposited the remains of none but people of fashion, promises, in a short time, to bring in a genteel harvest of golden orbicular memorials, silk scarfs, and hat-bands.

The surplices, pulpit cloths, and cushions; Hewlett's bible, little thumb'd, and bound in blue Turkey, with broad silk registers, and blue fringes; three folio Common Prayers, in rich binding—the communion-plate, &c. to be taken at a fair appraisement.

Any young clergyman, of a pleasing person, graceful address, expert in the exercise of the snuff-box or the eye-glass, with a musical voice, and a *sweet* delivery, may now have an opportunity of displaying such enviable and rarely united talents to the best advantage.—None other need apply.

For further particulars, enquire of A. B. at the Mitre in Petty France, or E. F. at Simon Magus's head in the Old Jewry.—Secresy if required.

So much for the abhorrence of simony, so observable in the clergy of the present day. Nor is the church more active than the court. Civil employments of considerable value, requiring the most exalted virtue, and the most extensive knowledge for their discharge, to the disgrace

of government, notwithstanding several modern statutes, are advertised in public newspapers, and bought or sold, and even publicly knocked down to the highest bidder.

The man who purchases his employment, or his seat, concludes that he has a right to make the most of it.

Such, Mr. Editor, are the wonderful advantages to morals, science, and religion, of the daily and weekly press. It is demanded by the honor of the nation, for the safety of the government, and for the private peace of every individual, not less than for the public good, that the productions of the newspaper press should be subjected to immediate regulation, not by the infliction of punishment after the crime is committed, but by the adoption of effectual means to prevent its commission. Confiding in the wisdom of our senators, and the integrity of those in whom restrictive measures may be expected to originate,

I remain, &c. &c,

P. P.

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### SOME ACCOUNT OF THOMAS COOKE,

*The Pentonville Miser.*

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Alas ! what man's condition can be worse  
 Than his, whom plenty starves and blessings curse ?  
 The beggars but a common fate deplore ;  
 The rich poor man's emphatically poor !      COWLEY,

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It has seldom fallen to the lot of the biographer to record circumstances more abhorrent to humanity, than those lately exhibited in a short memoir of the above person, (by Mr. William Chamberlaine, a gentleman well known in the medical world,) whose disgusting "avarice, hypocrisy, low cunning, and meanness," are said to have gone hand in hand through life, to the advanced period of eighty-six years, without being marked by one good action, or signalized by any occurrence but what must excite disgust.

Luckily, perhaps, from the place of his nativity being doubtful, no particular town or village can with certainty be branded with the honour of giving birth to such a wretch. He descended, it appears, from an itinerant fiddler, and received but very little paternal education; but this defect he afterwards supplied by his own perseverance. Early in life he was in the employ of a Mr. Postle, a dry-salter and paper manufacturer in Norwich; afterwards we find him porter to a sugar-baker, and thence an exciseman; in which situation he laid the foundation of his amazing wealth, by marrying his mistress; though he was afterwards master of a sugar concern in Puddle-Dock, Blackfriars: and notwithstanding he made his entrance into the metropolis with a few shillings in his pocket, he having had but eight when he left Norwich in a waggon, he lived to accumulate property to the enormous amount of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand two hundred and five pounds in the three per cents.! Such an unprecedented sum could only have found way into his possession by means the most disgusting, if not dishonest; and by spurning every enjoyment in life, literally wanting that which he had, as well as that which he had not. In short, verifying the observation "that money is a greater torment in the possession than in the pursuit."

To do justice to such a character would be to extend this article far beyond its limits. We shall therefore content ourselves by giving some of the prominent anecdotes of his character, which will enable our readers to form a more correct opinion of his manners and habits of life.

After Mr. Cooke had retired from business, and went to reside in Winchester-place, Pentonville, he hit upon a notable expedient for supplying himself with his favourite vegetable (cabbage,) in high perfection, at a very easy charge. Annexed to the house in Winchester-place, and likewise to another house that he afterwards went to live in, No. 85, White-lion Street, Pentonville, was a spot of ground, which, when he first took

the premises, was laid out prettily for the culture of flowers ; but Mr. Cooke was a man who despised the foppery of flowers, and therefore lost no time in rooting them all up, for the purpose of making his flower-garden a cabbage-garden ; he therefore dug the ground himself, to avoid paying a labourer, and paying the tax for a gardener, and sowed cabbage seed all over it ; in order to insure an early growth of his cabbages he industriously applied himself to manuring the ground, for which purpose he would sally out in moonlight nights with a little shovel and a basket, and shovel up the horsedung that had been dropped in the course of the day in the City-road, until he had loaded his basket ; but as this did not afford him a constant supply, he used to avail himself of a different sort of manure, procurable from a source nearer home. This economical management was so often repeated, and so often noticed, that it obtained for him the nick-name of CABBAGE COOKE, which name he retained ever after.

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During the life-time of Mr. C.'s wife, and while he was engaged in the sugar-house business, he thought that his heart expanded a little, and he actually formed at one time, the determination of keeping *two* horses, and even a carriage ! With this view, he was for some time on the look out for the purchase of a new horse, in addition to the one he already possessed. In these researches, it was his lot to fall into company with three or four gentlemen, among whom, one of them was bargaining with another for the sale of a horse ; the price was to be twenty guineas. Cooke, who knew very well the value of a good horse, examined the beast with great accuracy, and ventured to say to the owner of the horse, that if the gentleman who wished to purchase him, had bid his utmost price, he considered himself at liberty to offer more ; the parties agreeing to this, Cooke said he would give twenty-two guineas, provided the owner would allow him, as a trial, to take a ride for five or six miles, just to know his paces, and ascertain whether he would suit him ; promising to return at an appointed hour. Mr. Cooke being well known to all the parties, this indulgence was readily granted. The hour of his promised return was expired ; but no Cooke. After another hour of impatient expectation, Mr. Cooke returned, and the horse returned ; but oh ! what a change in the poor horse ! He was led in by his rider, limping, sweating through

pain and anguish, the blood running in torrents down his fore legs; and the skin and muscular parts of which, were lacerated, in a state shocking to behold. Cooke, who had always tears at his command, threw himself into a chair, and fell to lamenting his hard fate, that his dear friend Mr. ——— should meet with such a misfortune ! After requesting a few minutes to indulge his grief, he related, that after having gone on so pleasantly, never having met with a more lovely creature, and one that would so well have suited him ; unfortunately, in a narrow part of the road he got between a stage coach driving furiously, and a waggon going in the contrary direction. All his efforts to avoid injury to the horse were in vain ; the wheels of both carriages came nearly in contact with each other, and the poor horse had his knees broken and lacerated, in this miserable manner, as you see. Nor did I, continued he, escape ; (then shewing his worsted stocking, recently torn and dirtied, and a slight graze or excoriation on his own leg,) for I myself, said he, was near being killed, see my stocking and my poor leg ! The poor horse, he would never hereafter be good for any thing, his day was done ; the broken knees, even if they *could* be cured, would ever be a blemish, and hurt the sale of him ; for what stranger would buy a horse, that, from the appearance of broken knees, would be by every one suspected of being an habitual stumbler. But, alas ! it was an accident ; he was truly sorry for it ; but nobody can help accidents ; however, sir, said he to the owner, since I, most unfortunately, had your horse in my care at the time of the accident, I am willing that you shall not be a loser by him ; nobody now would give five pounds for him, but as I was the innocent cause of his misfortune I will give you fifteen. Whether matters would have been settled between Cooke and the owner amicably, is uncertain, but the gentleman that was bargaining for the horse when Cooke joined their company, and who had long known the horse to be a good one, after examining the injury that the horse had received, offered to stand to his original bargain, and to give the twenty guineas he had formerly offered, provided only the owner would in consideration of the expence of employing a farrier to cure the horse's knees, throw him in the saddle and bridle into the bargain. This was agreed to on the part of the owner, and the horse under the care of a skilful farrier, was soon completely cured, and made as well as ever.

The gentleman who bought the horse, belonged to a club of respectable tradesmen who frequented the Three Tuns chop house, in Smithfield, and who in the summer season occasionally made an excursion to dine at a certain tavern, a few miles from town. He being one of the party, and coming rather late, the rest of the gentlemen, who were standing at the parlour window, noticed the horse, and observed that he did not appear the worse for the severe operation he had undergone some months back. This of course brought on an enquiry as to what they meant, and now the murder came out. It seems that Cooke on the day he had borrowed the horse for a trial, came to this very house, and alighting, led the horse to a farrier's shop near at hand. He there made his proposal to the farrier's man, (the master being from home) to cut and mangle the horse's knees, so as to make him bleed freely, and make it appear as if he had broken his knees by some bad accident, but to do it so as not to injure any of the tendons or do him any permanent mischief. To this act of cruelty the fellow at first objected, but upon Cooke's representing that there was a considerable bet depending on it, and saying that if he would not do it, he should easily find some one else that would, the fellow thought he might as well earn the reward (two pots of beer) as another, and accordingly scored and lacerated the horse to the satisfaction of Mr. Cooke, and the disgust and horror of the bystanders, some of whom were the very men that were then assembled at the dinner party. In that condition the inhuman wretch rode the miserable animal to town, exulting in the hope that by this stratagem he should get the horse some pounds cheaper; but his knavery, cruelty, avarice, and lies, stood him in no stead on this occasion, and he was disappointed in the way we have already shewn.

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The above anecdote explains that Mr. Cooke was fond of keeping a horse, and notwithstanding his extreme parsimony in other respects he always took care that the horse he possessed should be a good one. During the time he lived in Winchester-place, he began to think that he could maintain his horse much cheaper by having him at home, than by keeping him at a livery-stable. For this purpose, he actually converted the kitchen of his house in Winchester-place into a stable, and used to curry, and fodder, and do all the necessities about his horse with his own hands, to

save the expence of hiring a stable-boy. Besides, in this saving plan, he had the dung too for his cabbages, which was no small advantage.

As he had the horse, he thought it would be no very great expence to keep a chaise for this horse to draw, and he actually did at one time relax so far from his rigid system of œconomy, as to resolve on keeping one. Accordingly, he bargained with a coach-maker, and the chaise was sent home, with harness and every thing complete. Mr. Cooke, however, in ordering home this chaise, seemed for once to have forgotten his prudent foresight, and to have neglected to weigh all the expences attending the keeping this vehicle. He had no chaise-house to put it in, to preserve it from the weather. He saw, that although he might be able to dress his horse, the keeping the chaise and horse too, clean and in order, would be too much for him; he even forgot the tax that he would have to pay for his carriage; and he found that he could not do without a man-servant to take care of his horse and chaise. Therefore, until he could hire this man-servant, he could not run his chaise. How he was to dispose of it in the mean time, he had not thought of. To keep it in the open area, before the house, would not do. It might be stolen at night, or injured; and the rain would render it unfit for use; and the doors were not wide enough to admit of its being run through the house, into the back-part. How then was he to manage? Why, he had the wheels taken off, and put in the back garden, and the body was then carried through the house, into the back-yard, and lifted up through the back window into his bed chamber. However, that he did not entirely give up the idea of running his chaise, was evident from his attempts to hire a man-servant.

On making known that he wanted one, he had several applications; but, one man was too slight to do the work, another too old; one he rejected, because he was a thin, lathy-shanked, fellow, with a wide mouth, that he was sure would eat too much; another because he owned he could not do without a little drop of gin, once a week. But there were two grand objections to all that offered; namely, that they all declared they expected to have a sufficiency of victuals; the other, the rogues, without exception, asked a great deal more wages than he was inclined to give; and therefore he was determined to keep the chaise and wheels where they were, until he could

find some more reasonable attendant. Now as it was not probable that such a one as would answer Mr. Cooke's expectations would offer: and in fact, none did offer, the chaise-body stood in his bed-chamber, and the wheels lay against the wall in his garden, for years after years, until they were quite rotten; and the wheels especially, that had been exposed to all variations and inclemencies of the weather, overgrown with grass and weeds. In this state, he took it into his head to try to sell them, and among other customers whom he wished to attract, he offered them to a gentleman that was afterwards his executor, telling him that he expected a good price for the vehicle, as it had never been used but once, namely, from the maker's house to his own, and of course not a bit the worse for wear and tear.

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A paper maker of the name of King, who had been an apprentice in the same manufactory in which Mr. Cooke worked in the younger part of his life, was in habits of intimacy with Cooke, and actually went so far in making him presents and entertaining him, and driving him in gigs to fairs and races, and watering places, relying on Cooke's professions that he should never want while he lived, and should be a rich man at his death, that the credulous man at last ruined himself, and became a bankrupt.

The goodness of this man's character procured him many friends: this circumstance Cooke well knew; so that when Mr. King applied to him for assistance in his distress, he contrived to give him some plausible reason for delaying his intended benefaction until he should have tried all his other friends; "and after you have obtained all you can get from all the rest of your friends, come to me." Mr. King took his advice, and shortly after waited on him with a list of benefactions, which he had received from the trade, together with the names of the subscribers; "Now, sir," said he, "I have taken your counsel, in making you the last of my friends whom I call upon; and, as you always said you would do something handsome for me, now is the time for you to shew your friendship, and give me your assistance. I have now, sir, collected from my other friends, to the amount specified in this list of subscribers, and, however small your donation may be, still it will increase the sum, and I shall be thankful for whatever you may give." "How much

have you got?" said Cooke. King answered, "about two hundred pounds." "Two hundred pounds, sir!" exclaimed Cooke, "why, sir, you ought never to want money again as long as you live! two hundred pounds, sir! why it is a fortune! an immense sum! you cannot want any more money, with so large a sum in possession; but, sir, I will give you a piece of advice, that will be worth double the money; and that is, *if ever you buy a pint of beer again, as long as you have existence, you ought to be DAMNED!* There are plenty of pumps, and I will give you nothing."

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Disease, and the infirmities of age, creeping on by slow degrees, Mr. Cooke found himself reduced to the necessity of applying from time to time, for medical advice. But not finding such instantaneous relief from the prescriptions of those physicians whom he consulted, as he expected to receive, he ran the gauntlet from one doctor to another, until he tired them all. Many are the anecdotes which might be related, the tricks which this avaricious old man used to play, to cheat medical men of their time, and save his money. He would make no scruple to beg from some of his acquaintance, whom he knew to be subscribers, a letter for a dispensary, and clothing himself in his own old ragged and cast-off apparel, would attend regularly, as a pauper, among others, to receive advice and medicines gratuitously; and this for several successive weeks. At length, however, his real circumstances being made known to the medical gentlemen, by some of the patients, or by other means, he has been dismissed, in a way not much to his credit; and this has happened to him more than once.

At one time he obtained a recommendation as a patient to the dispensary for the diseases of the eye and ear, in Charterhouse-square. The natural goodness and suavity of Mr. Saunders's disposition, induced him to pay every attention to Mr. Cooke, who passed himself upon him as a reduced tradesman who had seen better days; but finding that this old man would not be satisfied, without engrossing a great deal more of his time than he could well spare, he was at last induced to make some inquiry concerning his patient; and at length learning who he was, he read him a very serious lecture on the meanness and impropriety of his conduct, in thus obtaining gratuitously that which was only intended for the necessitous; and acquainted

him that if he expected his future services, he must give a fee, as was usual with other gentlemen. "Very well," said old Cooke, "I am willing to pay any thing in reason; but mark this, I expect to be cured first, for I always go upon the maxim of "NO CURE NO PAY." Mr. Saunders rang the bell, desired the servant to call in the next patient in rotation, and politely wishing Mr. Cooke a good morning, desired the servant to "open the street door for the gentleman."

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Another time, Mr. C. became so excessively troublesome to a physician to whom he had paid about four or five half guineas, that the doctor at last told him, he had tried every remedy and exerted all his skill, and could render him no farther service. "Then give me back my gold, sir," said Cooke; "why did you rob me of my gold, unless you meant to cure?" The Doctor, whose chariot was waiting at the door for him, left the old man to vent his spleen in the study, to the no small diversion of the servants, and gave orders that he never should *be admitted again*.

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Mr. Cooke would, without ceremony, go to the houses of apothecaries, and have them called up at four or five o'clock in the morning, to administer some medicine, for a complaint he was subject to in his bowels; which he would want to have made up for two-pence; if this was refused, he would go as far as four-pence; but if it was to be sixpence he would go to another shop and make the same disturbance; if he could get nothing for his groat, he would go to a druggist's and buy a pennyworth of jalap; for he said he would sooner bear the *pain in his guts all day*, than pay such a *great deal of money* as SIXPENCE for *physic*.

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At one time Mr. C. rang up the domestics of a medical gentleman in Islington at four o'clock in a winter's morning. On the door being opened, to the question, what is your pleasure? he answered, "my business is *pain*, and my *pleasure* is to see your master." "Sir, my master has been out at a labour all night, very much fatigued, and not very well, and has not been in bed above half an hour." "Don't tell me about his labours and his being unwell; doctors must get up at all hours, well or ill. Tell him he must come down. I do not come as a pauper; I can pay for what I have." Away the servant went to tell his master;

who sent his compliments to the gentleman, that he really was very poorly, but that his assistant, a regularly bred and skilful young gentleman, was then putting on his cloaths to wait on him, and would, he was sure, supply his place, to the satisfaction of the patient. "Then he may *put off* his cloaths again, and go to his bed; I will have no assistant; I will see none but the master; I have plenty of money in my pocket, and am willing to pay for what I have." Down stairs the master came; but when he saw it was Cooke, whom he happened to know, although his servant did not, he wished himself in bed again. Cooke in his usual way, kept him three quarters of an hour, giving a detail of symptoms and complaints, which could just as well have been given in three minutes. "Sir," answered the doctor, "from the very circumstantial account you have given of the symptoms, I understand what your disease is perfectly well, and I will make you up a small draught that shall relieve you in an instant.

*Cooke.* What will you charge me for it?

*Doctor.* Only eighteen-pence.

*Cooke.* Eighteen-pence! why sir, do you think I get my money on the highway by robbing people? I never heard of such extortion in my life! Eighteen-pence! I thought you might have made me up something for two-pence!

*Doctor.* Sir, I am sorry to say, there are too many, who think that because it is the duty of a medical man to rise to all calls at unseasonable hours, they may wantonly, and without absolute necessity, or consideration of his fatigues in the day-time, call him out of his bed whenever they please; but this is the first time I ever heard of a gentleman's being called up on a *two-penny* errand. As you must certainly mean to insult me, there is the door, sir.

*Cooke.* Well, sir, will you make me something for *four-pence*?

*Doctor.* No, nor for four *shillings*, therefore go your ways, and be thankful that your years protect you from a kicking; and never come near my house again either by day or by night.

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Soon after Mr. C. went to live in White-lion street, he sent for a Mr. Pigeon, a surgeon, who lived on the opposite side of the street, to examine an ulcer on his leg, which gave him a little

temporary alarm, he being of a very gross habit of body. After the gentleman had duly inspected it, Mr. Cooke asked him if he could cure it. "Certainly, sir," replied the surgeon. "How long do you think it will be before you can make a perfect cure of it?" "A month." "And how much must I give you?" Mr. Pigeon, who saw that the sore was not of any great importance, answered "a guinea." "Very well," replied Cooke, "but mark this,—a guinea is an *immense sum of money*, and when I agree for sums of such magnitude, I go upon the system of NO CURE NO PAY: so if I am not cured at the expiration of the month, I pay you nothing." This was agreed to. After diligent attendance for several days, the wound was so near being healed, that Cooke expressed himself satisfied, and would not let Pigeon see it any more. However, within two or three days of the month being expired, the old fellow got some sort of plaster with *euphorbium* in it, from a farrier, and made a new ulcer on the place where the former had been; and sending for Pigeon on the last day of the month, shewed him that his leg was not well, and that of course the guinea he had agreed for was *forfeited*! His story the old fellow used to tell of himself with great satisfaction, and called it "*plucking a Pigeon.*"

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## SALVADOR HOUSE;

OR,

## THE QUAKER TOPSY-TURVY.

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"When I hear such language as this, I scarcely know whether I stand upon my head or my heels."—(*Vide Report in the Morning Chronicle of the proceedings at the Free Mason's Tavern, of the Royal Lancasterian Society.*)

To the Editor of the SCOURGE.

SIR,

WHEN our political theorists are discussing the abstract merits of a free press, they are too apt to forget that the benefits which result from its existence surpass, in an incalculable proportion, any of the evils which it may produce. It is with this specific branch of liberty,

as it is with freedom in general; its worst errors even are preferable to the best virtues of a state of servility and prostitution. "The press is a universal monitor, whose counsels and chidings reach every where, and from whose rebuke the vicious are as unable to fly, as the good are unwilling to lose its praise. In the course of your labours, Sir, you have often successfully devoted your pages to the exposure of secret knavery which was silently debasing the morals of society; and by the unawed freedom of your censures, you have deterred many from prosecuting a career of fraud and iniquity, which had bade defiance to the partial and not very audible condemnation of private life. And even where, from the robust materials composing the minds of some offenders, your success has not been so complete as to crush or check their excesses, you have at least rendered them less dangerous by exposure, and secured the unwary from mischief, by shewing how the perils that threatened them might be avoided. In the hope of accomplishing one or the other of these two effects, I now venture to address you upon the recent transactions connected with JOSEPH LANCASTER. I must premise, however, that it would be totally foreign from my present purpose to agitate the question between him and Dr. Bell; you have often recurred to it, and events seem to justify the opinions you uniformly expressed. My business is with the man, rather than the teacher; though, as it will be neither easy nor desirable to separate the two characters, the opprobrium that may darken the one will inevitably cast some portion of its shade upon the other.

Long before the late exposure of Joseph Lancaster, Rumour, that busy liar sometimes, but faithful chronicler at others, had scattered abroad many awkward insinuations against the humility, integrity, and sincerity of this meek follower of a meek sect. It was difficult, however, to shake the confidence of some minds. The man whom royalty had so conspicuously patronised, held

a firm place in the estimation of the million, even in defiance of that knowledge which teaches that royal notice and protection are the most dubious of all claims to the respect of the virtuous, or the approbation of the wise. But there was another thing which contributed to prop the feeble fabric reared by the countenance of the great; this was the *practical good* which Joseph Lancaster daily performed, the *practical benefits* which daily resulted from his labours. No enquiry was made indeed, whether these advantages were so peculiar to the man, that they could spring only from himself; still less was any enquiry made whether his elaborate efforts to produce good, sprung from a noble disinterestedness of virtue, or from a lurking desire of pelf, a secret ambition of greatness and opulence. He was trusted with that amiable credulity which disposes the majority of mankind to worship virtue as she presents herself, without too nice and anxious an investigation of the motives that may actuate her. Thus it was that Joseph Lancaster stood upon a pinnacle of greatness, which might have satisfied the most ambitious among those who seek *only to do good*, and the means of accomplishing the benevolent purposes that were *imputed to him*, were lavished with blameable profusion. He travelled over the country like an apostle of righteousness; received every where as the harbinger of knowledge, and peace, and virtue; and idolized as a man who sacrificed every consideration of personal advantage, comfort, and repose, to the laborious toils of eradicating ignorance and vice in whatever quarter they reared themselves.

Was there nothing but cajoling subtlety in this man's pretensions, or has he fallen into debasement and contempt as virtuous men have before him, in yielding to momentary but fatal temptations? To the leniency, to the liberality, to the mercy of the latter supposition, he has no claim; for if he had indeed been the victim of temporary delusion, his return from error and vice would have been marked by that contrition and humility which

ever accompany the awakening convictions of an ingenuous mind that has lapsed into crimes. He would have been the first to lament his own degeneracy; the first to atone for it; the first to see it in all its deformity. He would have stood before his former patrons, the patrons of his *presumed* virtue as much as of his *acknowledged ability*, abashed, confounded, and submissive. These would have been the tokens by which his friends might have recognized the return of a virtuous man from error, and by these tokens they might safely have trusted in his future conduct. It is he who has *tried* the infamy of vice, and abandons it from abhorrence, whose steady practice of virtue may perhaps be most securely anticipated.

But how did Joseph Lancaster act? With stubbornness, with contumely, with arrogance. He had offended, deeply offended, and yet he assumed all the indignant pride of a calumniated man. His misconduct was glaring, was enormous, and yet he defied reproof. He had forfeited every claim to confidence, and yet he denied any right to those who withdrew their confidence from him. He had abused and betrayed a trust which had been delegated to him, and yet he disdained to render any account, or submit to any examination. Who, or what, I would ask, is this Joseph Lancaster, that thus insultingly presumes to annul, in his own person, all the established modes of procedure which belong to similar cases, and calls upon the world to believe him innocent, to treat him as an honourable man, in defiance of facts, which proclaim him neither the one nor the other? What exclusive right can he shew, what prescriptive one can he plead, that entitles him to assume so lofty a tone, to adopt so preposterous a conduct? Let us examine him a little more closely; and a few stubborn facts may help, perhaps, if not to explain the enigma, at least to unfold the man.

Does he forget (doubtless he wishes it to be forgotten) the improvident manner, the careless extravagance with which he administered the financial concerns of the in-

stitution? This could not be the effect of ignorance, for it was his duty to be instructed; and we know that he *was* instructed: it could not result from inexpertness, for the accounts were neither numerous nor complicated. If it be ascribed to *negligence*, it is assuming the most candid supposition; though without any great refinement of our moral duties, it may be affirmed, that the wilful neglect of a confided trust\* is criminal. The fact, however, is undeniable, and being so, it proves against the man. Mr. Whitbread, indeed, with that good-natured enthusiasm which often makes him ridiculous in more places than taverns, softened down the humiliating truth, by informing Joseph Lancaster, "that no man is fit for every thing, and that it was no reproach to any one to be told, that he did not possess universal talent." It suited Mr. Whitbread's ulterior views to hold this gentle and unassuming language to Joseph Lancaster; he is not commonly so mild and merciful to *all delinquents*.

But passing from this instance of gross negligence, or *something worse*, let us contemplate another interesting fact in this meek and virtuous man's conduct. He opened a school at Tooting, and called it Salvador House. Its object was somewhat different from the institution in the Borough which he also superintended. Anxious only to do good, this amiable man was eager to diffuse the blessings of his system by every possible means. He made capacious arrangements for the reception of pupils, and adopted one plan which seemed rather inconsistent with that pure spirit of benevolence which was supposed to actuate him. He required, and *received*, from the parents of the children, half a year's money for their education, *in advance*. It was unsuspectingly paid, and Joseph Lancaster, a moderate, conscientious quaker, very quietly pocketed these anticipated sums. The parents felt no uneasiness, but were quite satisfied that the stipulated services would be as faithfully performed by Joseph Lancaster, who had received his hire before-hand, as

if he had to look for his reward, when the duty was actually finished. They were deceived. There are but two bad paymasters, says the old adage—they who pay before-hand, and they who do not pay at all. To this it may surely be added, there is only one sort of really bad workmen—they who receive the price for good work before it is done, and then never finish it. This was Joseph Lancaster's plan. No bills were paid, no means secured to carry on the establishment. The money disappeared, nobody knew how; and, at length, the upright and conscientious master disappeared likewise. One morning, the children assembled in the school-room to breakfast, as usual. No breakfast was ready. They waited as patiently as hungry children can be expected to wait. No master was visible. JOSEPH LANCASTER *had decamped in the course of the night, and if it had not been for the humanity of the neighbours, the children whom he had been paid before hand to educate and support, might have starved till their respective friends and parents could have been apprized of their condition, and took them home.*

I am told, that the benevolence of many individuals in the neighbourhood, did them great credit on this occasion, and especially that of the baker who had supplied the school with bread, who, though never receiving a farthing from Joseph Lancaster, sent in the regular quantity, that the children might be fed as usual.

I will not follow Joseph Lancaster through his fugitive career; but I will ask, in the name of insulted virtue and integrity, is this the man who deserved the pathetic adjuration of Mr. Whitbread, or who ought to have dared to assume the reluctant submission of a calumniated individual? Mr. Whitbread, indeed, made himself thoroughly ridiculous: it was the true mock heroic, degraded by its application. By what splendor of virtue, I would ask, were the vices of this man redeemed, that all memory of them should be buried in oblivion, and his future support solicited with a servility which disgraced the cause, and dishonoured the solici-

or? And when Mr. Whitbread so pathetically implored him to accept the office by the memory of all those children who had already benefited from his services, did he include in the list, those who had been left to starve, and whose parents had been defrauded? It was mockery, it was insult, to hold such language to a man in Joseph Lancaster's situation; it was confounding the distinction between virtue and vice. Mr. Hume, indeed, took a more manly part, and disdained to cull silken phrases, that might soothe, not irritate, the shrinking sensibility of a wounded conscience.

But the veil is now torn off. The delusion is past, and whatever respectability may hereafter attach to the name of Joseph Lancaster, it must be derived from a punctilious discharge of his humble labors as a pedagogue. If he be laborious, and attentive, and steady in his present calling, he may perhaps, fairly earn the salary (£1 per diem) which the committee have appointed as a reward. I own I regret that such reward was forced upon the haughty quaker, as I would much rather it should have been granted to the contrite suppliant for aid and protection: but being done, it only remains for Joseph Lancaster to redeem a sullied reputation by an anxious regularity of future behaviour. I do not forget the supercilious humility with which he professed his willingness to accept the office of "shoe black" in his own institution; nor will I conceal my serious opinion, that his conduct entitled him to no better calling; but he *has* a better now, and it is *his* concern that he makes himself honored in it. It is true he will not be able with this income to set up his carriage—for if I am rightly informed, *two* carriages were sold at the sale, in St. George's Fields; whether purchased for ostentation, or in contemplation of bankruptcy I know not: but though it may cost a struggle to the evangelical spirit of this quaker to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, he will certainly be as much elevated as he deserves when he trudges along upon neat's

leather, and somewhat more respectably, than if lolling in a chariot so disreputably obtained.

I cannot conclude this letter without expressing my astonishment at the desire manifested by the committee to obtain the assistance of Joseph Lancaster. Certainly there is no such profound mystery in the system of education which bears his name, that no other man could be found to superintend its details: those details are exceedingly simple, easily learned and easily practised. The anxiety, therefore, which was shown to induce him to conduct the establishment in St. George's Fields I can attribute only to humanity, which shrunk from turning him destitute upon the world; it could not be from any value attached to his *name*, for it gave me great pleasure to observe that the committee had vindicated the establishment from that stigma, by changing its appellation from the Royal *Lancasterian* to the British Institution; an example which I should wish to see followed by all the auxiliary establishments throughout the kingdom.

I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c.

November 17th, 1813.

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## THE WHIGS IN DESPAIR.

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“Military successes, above all others, elevate the minds of a people.”---ATTERBURY.

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*To the Editor of the SCOURGE.*

SIR,

I HAPPENED to be lounging up at Bellamy's on the first day of the present session of parliament, when I observed two distinguished members of the opposition in the next box to me. One of them was reading a newspaper, containing an account of the battle of Leipsic,

which he had no sooner finished than he laid it down on the table, and turning round to his friend with a melancholy expression of countenance, which I shall never forget, exclaimed, "*Out for life, by G—d !*" The words and manner of the speaker equally struck me ; and I could not help meditating upon an expression which conveyed, with such singular brevity and emphasis, the hopes and views of that party in the state, who pretend to patriotism as their motive, and their country's welfare as their reward. Those triumphs which filled every other bosom with honest exultation, awoke in the mind of this individual no other emotion than one of despondency, and the gloomy presage of continuing in that state of banishment from the public councils to which *alone* the commanding attitude we now possess is to be ascribed. I lamented the singular perversion of reason which could identify the prosperity of a cabal with the adversity of the nation ; and rejoiced at least to think that the valuable services of these patriots would not be lost to the country by their transition from "unplac'd, unpension'd" defenders, to official betrayers.

The interests of this party are certainly in a very melancholy condition, and as there is something that excites our sympathy in the humiliation of any man, or set of men that have moved heretofore in greatness, I own I began to feel a little sort of compassion for their fallen fortunes. But this tenderness was soon destroyed when I found that they were incapable of sustaining their own misfortunes with dignity and forbearance, but strove to excite the commiseration of the throne and the people for a calamity which begun and ended only in themselves. The way in which I made this discovery is somewhat singular. As I was passing into the House of Lords on the same day, I saw a packet lying on the steps of the outer lobby. I picked it up. It had no superscription, nor was it sealed, which latter circumstance, by the bye, convinces me that it was not the same as has had a reward of a thousand pounds offered for it. It evidently

belonged, however, not only to a member, but to a peer of parliament; for upon opening it I found it contained the outlines of a speech to be delivered by Earl G--y, in the House of Lords, with the copy of an address to be moved by the same noble person. There was a memorandum attached to the wrapper, which specified that these proceedings had been resolved upon at a full meeting of the opposition, convened by Mr. P-n--n-by, and were regarded as the authenticated efforts of the whole party. I read both the speech and the address with great pleasure; the former contained *not* the usual topics of whiggish declamation, but sentiments of a very opposite description. It is too long, however, to be inserted in the pages of your valuable publication, though any proper person shall be indulged with a perusal upon application; but the "Address," which is an abstract of it, I have copied off for the information and amusement of your readers. It ran *literatim et verbatim* as follows:

*"Address to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, by the disconsolate Whigs of Great Britain and Ireland.*

"May it please Your Royal Highness,

"We, the melancholy Whigs of Your Royal Highness's Imperial Parliament, beg leave to offer our most sincere condolence upon the late glorious successes of Your Royal Highness's arms, and those of your allies: we lament that any projects of ambition on their part, or any fatuity of counsel on the part of Your Royal Highness's ministers, should have led to those events which have caused the defeat and humiliation of the Emperor Napoleon, whose greatness we have always extolled, whose resources we have always magnified, whose virtues we have always praised, and whose cause we have always supported: and we regret this the more, because that defeat and humiliation give the most palpable lie to all our prognostications. These are intolerable grievances which neither our dignity, nor the prosperity of the empire at large can endure. We have witnessed with deep affliction the frantic efforts of Spain to resist the friendly dominion of France; efforts which have been fatally guided and invigorated by the

pernicious talents of Field Marshal Marquis of Wellington, who has not only madly driven the French from the soil which their emperor deigned to succour, but has dared to pass the frontier of that deluded country, and enter the sacred territory of Napoleon; these events too we deplore the more feelingly, because they also disprove our warning and prophetic calls. We condemn the horrid zeal of Russia, which not only destroyed, with parricidal hand, its ancient capital, rather than lend it as an asylum to the august man, who had braved the terrors of a polar winter to dwell on the banks of the Borys-thenes, but dared to persecute his triumphant legions who withdrew at the call of their illustrious leader, when he found that his friendly services were rejected, and have now disturbed the halcyon repose which blessed the continent under his mild, wise, and beneficent and generous protection. We abhor the perfidy of Prussia and Bavaria, who have requited their benefactor with such base ingratitude, and we contemplate with horror the unnatural hostility of Austria. Language has no terms of reprobation which can adequately express our indignation at the monstrous alliance which is now formed in Europe against the Pacificator of the World, the Protector of the Oppressed, the Friend of Justice, the Champion of Humanity, and the Vindicator of the Liberties of Mankind. We rejoice at the death of Moreau, and like the immortal Napoleon, we see in it "the finger of Providence." We utterly condemn the impolitic zeal of Your Royal Highness' ministers which has led them to foment and encourage this scene of civil discord, strife, and bloodshed, by compelling the great Napoleon to violate the gentleness of his disposition in heading his numerous armies, and causing such devastation and slaughter. Had it pleased Your Royal Highness to confide the direction of affairs to us, *none of these disastrous circumstances would have taken place.* The continent would still have flourished beneath the paternal sway of its natural guardian; and this country would have been enjoying the blessings of peace granted by the benevolence of the same mighty chief. Basking beneath the shade of his friendship we should have been a secure and happy people. We very sincerely lament the domestic tranquillity which at present prevails, both because it is the gloomy pre-sage of an approaching storm, and because it cuts us off from all opportunity of defending the rights and liberties of our

countrymen : we have not a topic left, upon which to croak or grumble : and if matters go on this way, we shall soon see the nation reduced to the miserable plight of a triumphant ministry, and a silent, dejected, scorned, and useless opposition. The only speedy relief, which, in our wisdom, Your Royal Highness can adopt, is to displace the present men and appoint us their successors, when the aspect of public affairs will soon present legitimate grounds for complaint, and we shall have, what in the most prosperous periods of our history we always had, impeachments, votes of censure, addresses, public meetings, discontent at home, and adversity abroad."

Such, Sir, is the faithful transcript of this most singular document. Why no measures have yet been resorted to, in conformity to it, I am at a loss to conjecture : perhaps a more favourable opportunity is waiting for, when the nation shall be exhilarated with accounts of fresh disasters happening to Napoleon.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

PETER PAY.

Nov. 21, 1813.

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### SIR OVERPLUS UNDERPROOF.

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"Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings."--POPE.

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Æsop relates, in his usual instructive manner, a very entertaining story of a pragmatistical puppy of a jackdaw, strutting about, adorned with the feathers of a peacock. This tale has long been recommended as a useful lesson to those who, not contented with the station in which they may have been for some time placed, and whose sphere they were by nature or cultivation adapted to fill with commendable propriety, still hanker after *advancement* ; who quit the stable advantage of a happy *mediocrity* for the delusive glare of an *ignis fatuus*, which may arrest the attention, and, like the unwary moth, find a fatal ignition where infatuated fancy pictured only a lambent flame,

I was led into this train of thought by some information recently received concerning a person with whom I was particularly acquainted during my residence in the west, which I propose to introduce to my readers by way of anecdote. JEMMY UNDERPROOF was born of very respectable parents in a neat and superlatively *loyal borough* in the part above mentioned; his juvenile days passed over much in the same manner as with other, what are denominated *sharp lads*—the terror of cats and old women; nevertheless due allowance being made for the exuberance of youth, he was by the spectacled seniors, predicted to be *cut out for the world*—and, no doubt but in time would make *something*. After a due probationary course, Jemmy launched out upon the ocean of commerce, and though no *conjuror*, his *intercourse* with *spirits* was well known in his vicinage. Perfectly an adept in science, though indeed he could not raise *them* from the vasty deep, he could raise *that* from the deep which would completely *tame them*, not indeed by a mere *sprinkling*, it happening that Jemmy had imbibed certain ideas of *baptism*, considered by some rather anti-orthodox. For some years matters went on swimmingly, and *Mr. Underproof*, as my friend now began to be called, seemed to be thoroughly satisfied with his condition; but I must, in justice to my conscience, observe, awkward suspicions at times haunted my imagination; I fancied Jemmy, I mean Mr. Underproof, had by some accident received a slight infection of the *corporation itch*—for instance, if an alderman was seen parading the market-place with his thumbs trussed up in his waistcoat armholes—or standing haranguing with his hands thrust into his breeches, or straddling as if he were so-so—somehow or other Mr. James had a wonderful knack at imitation in such like delicacies. It happened about this time I quitted that part of the country, and as not any epistolary intercourse succeeded, I was unacquainted with his progress until very lately, when an acquaintance calling upon me *en passant* related the melancholy sequel.

Some few months after my departure, a vacancy in an office under government unluckily occurred, and although the situation was rather an unpopular one, the bait was too alluring to be shyed. *Interest whispered the two things may work well together.* When some of his sincere well-wishers insisted danger might arise from the breach of a standing order of the board, that *no officer in that department shall follow or exercise any trade or profession whatsoever*, it was indignantly scouted, as *such things were never noticed now-a-days*, and without qualm, the responsibility was entered upon.

Mr. James soon began to perceive he had calculated, at least for the present, with sufficient accuracy. Order succeeded order from every part of the neighbourhood—people were astonished, they had not before discovered the superior excellence of Mr. James's articles—such flavour—such mellowness—such potency—in short their past omission, which should certainly never be repeated, was absolutely passing all understanding—the *superlatively loyal BODY* now courted his most *respectable society*—sanctioned his, not in the least diffident, advances, and finally voted his long wished for admission amongst them; and, such is the irresistible impetus of peculiar talents, very shortly hailed him in the *civic chair* as their *supreme magistrate*. An incident, rather of a laughable nature, occurred on the day his *worship* first attended divine service. Decked out in all the gaudy insignia of office, preceded by his *bauble bearer*, and accompanied by the whole tribe of his *sapient brethren*, Jemmy, with an air of conscious dignity strutted along—as stately as any other *MARE* in *new harness*, when an old farmer and his daughter from the country, who had been waiting a considerable time to see the show, were overheard in earnest and anxious confabulation on the scene before them. “*I wish,*” says the wench, “*this new mon would mak his appearance, as I whont to goo whom.*”—“*Why, Beck,*” replies Gaffer, “*dustna see him? that there’s he*”—pointing to his worship—“*Laud, fayther, yo conna see this marning—that’s mon as mayd sich*

*a nize bawt aur having a bit or two o' bacon 'ith cheese chamber, and sed as how he'd make us pey for't"—Hou'd youre tung, yo foo ; dunna you see his furs and his furbelows?"* "Lauk a desy," says Beck, "*I always thowton thay'd maden those great things o'squires an sich liken—but if thay mayn mares o' winder peepers wot wun thay do next*"—"Why" says the old man—*if thay gou on to mak mares o'sich sort o' poose, there'l sune be noo rubbage laft to mak asses on.*"

Fortune had now nearly "fooled his worship to the top of his bent ;" but still the longing after aggrandizement was ever the uppermost ; insatiate as the horse leech's two daughters, or perhaps out of politeness I should have said the two Miss Horse-leeches, his appetite for *advancement* still kept craving—*give—give*—and one morning in his *study* he was heard to exclaim—Am I not now by virtue of my magisterial office entitled to the address of—E-s-q?—Yes—but may I not without vanity look another step higher?—certainly—this is a *momentous crisis—an eventful period*—who knows but before the expiration of *my year* it may be necessary to *present an address in person*—nothing more likely—then of course it will be—*rise up* SIR JAMES—no—faugh James, James, much too vulgar—Doubtless my superior mode of *presenting* will justify my requesting a particular favour on the occasion—and that favour shall be to be dubbed—*Sir Overplus*--SIR OVERPLUS UNDERPROOF—how consonant—how neat---how typical!!!—From this reverie of greatness—this vision of glory—he was awaked by a rapping at the door—the post-man advances and delivers his letters—"Ha—one from the board—*Mr.*—truly—only plain *Mr.*—curse these fellows—but when I have once *presented.*" On inspection he finds information had been lodged against him—that he was in the habit of exercising certain trades in open defiance of the regulation of that department, in consequence of which he must immediately relinquish the appointment or the aforesaid pursuits---a decisive and unequivocal answer was required. Pluming himself upon his *station*--his *connections* and their

*influence*, he treated the mandate with the most supreme contempt; but a little time convinced him that his *superiors* were not to be trifled with---they remained firm and inexorable to whatever his worship or his worshipful coajutors could advance in palliation---the die was cast---Othello's occupation gone---and the chance of ever rising up SIR OVERPLUS totally gulph'd in oblivion.

No longer pipe, no longer dance---*How do ye*---*How do ye*, now supersedes---*How do you do, my dear Sar*---the cordial---the nectar---now degenerates into *execrable stuff*---no flavour---not any strength---empty casks---and no orders---the *year* closed and no *presentation*---even plain *Mr.* now sinks into *Jemmy*---and *Jemmy* into a BEACON warning *sharp lads* from the *shoal* of AMBITION.

Bingham, Nov. 18th, 1813.

INSPECTOR,  
(not of Taxes.)

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POLITICAL OBSERVER.—No. XVI.

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THE affairs of Europe are now arrived at a crisis which requires the immediate exercise of the collective talent of England, and which promises, beneath the guidance of genius and vigor, to restore the happiness of this country, and the independence of the continent. At a time, therefore, when it becomes the duty of every Briton to contribute, as far as he is able, to the general stock of public observation and experience, it may not be regarded as entirely superfluous on the part of a correspondent of the SCOURGE, to hazard a few observations on the probable succession of military events, on the policy likely to be pursued by the continental powers, and on the terms of peace to which it would, consistent with prudence, honor, and consistency, be proper to accede.

That Buonaparte, either by the exertion of positive force, or by those powers of delusion in which he is so skilful, will be able to collect a formidable defensive

force, is a supposition justified by the history of former wars, and by the intelligence daily received from the opposite coast. His troops, indeed, will be composed of the young, the feeble, and the inexperienced; and his subaltern officers will be better versed in the theory than in the practice of war; but while he retains only defensive positions, the skill, the hardihood, and the alertness that would otherwise be found wanting, will be supplied by the numerous fortresses which surround the frontier, by the facility with which resources of every kind are conveyed to the army, and by the consciousness of fighting on their native territory. Nor can any just reliance be placed upon the defection of his ranks, or the successful resistance of the people. The army is the master of France, and Napoleon the master of the army. It is not for the love of freedom, or of their emperor, that the French will resolutely oppose their enemies; but from the impulse of that *esprit de corps*, instilled into the youth of France from their earliest infancy, which associates with military enterprize all that is great and noble, and desirable; which renders disaster in the field of battle more enviable than successful perseverance in the tranquil walks of life, and inspires even the conscript with the sentiment that he is fighting for the military rank and reputation of his brothers in arms, and of his native country. Regarding him, therefore, even as nothing more than the central point of military combination, as the individual whom chance, combined with his personal merits, has destined to be the leader of their military array, it must be presumed that the soldiers of France, more brave than thoughtful, more attached even to unsuccessful war than to the ease and tranquillity of peace, will share in all his fortunes, and defend him in the midst of his most desperate and most deserved extremities. If therefore he be unable to collect an army equal to that of the allies in numbers and discipline, and in the open field, he will yet be able to assemble a formidable defensive force, sufficient to defend

his frontiers, and by protracting the efforts of the allies, to gain him the chance of coldness or misunderstanding among the opposing powers, and of regularly training and organizing the new contingents.

The retirement of Beauharnois from Italy, and of the various corps that occupy the Austrian Netherlands, will still further accelerate, by the sacrifice of foreign territories to the integrity of the French empire, the concentration of the national resources of defence; and the allies having liberated Holland, and conquered Italy, would yet be successfully defied, though depending on the powerful diversion of Lord Wellington, by the almost impregnable frontier, and exhaustless resources of the Gallic empire. Terror and devastation indeed might be carried during short and adventurous excursions into the provinces of France; but such irruptions into a country so skilfully fortified; so connected in all its parts, and so prolific in defenders, would only exhaust the numbers of the invaders, in difficult advances, and hasty and fatal retreats. We do not indeed, like Vetus, look with fear at the enthusiasm of the French being roused to ten-fold exertion by their regard for the immaculacy of the frontier; for we believe, that all which could be done by human power to inflame the passions of the French, has been long accomplished, and because the inclinations of a people can only be effectual in proportion to its resources; but we are decidedly of opinion, that the frontiers of a country so well fortified, or so well capable of being fortified as France, retaining the yet formidable remains of defeated, but desperate armies; abounding with individuals whose lives and wishes, even in the heart of their country, has been devoted to the military art, may defy the united force of all the other powers of the continent.

The point, therefore, at which alone it would be prudent and necessary, on the part of the allies, to consent to terms of pacification, would be that of actual arrival on the Rhine. Before this object be accomplished, it will be vain to negotiate, and till it be accomplished the war

must be continued, if Buonaparte retains his station. With possession of the countries forcibly attached to France, it will remain for the allies to consider how much it would be reasonable to allow her in addition to her ancient territory.

It is to be feared indeed that even after the treaty has been signed, and Europe lulled to temporary repose, the restless ambition and malignity of Buonaparte's temper should induce him to have recourse to all the mysteries of intrigue, and to look on the possessions he has lost with a firm resolution to recover them at the first favourable opportunity. But this is a danger against which no remedy can be provided, but political circumspection, and which, if it were urged as an argument against the conclusion of peace, would subject us to the necessity of perpetual hostilities. That Napoleon is a robber, a murderer, and a violater of his word, no one disputes ; but let us not sacrifice the practical benefits that may arise from the conclusion of peace, to the mere love of speculative retribution. If we wish to avoid the miseries and afflictions of our ancestors, we must forget their wrongs.

If the allies, as they approach the frontiers of France, have the magnanimity to publish the leading outlines of their proposals for peace, calling on the French government to restore the happiness of Europe, and disclaiming all intention of invading France, it is not impossible that the expression of popular sentiment may be too powerful for resistance from the military population ; and that the tears of the matron, the distresses of the peasant, and the interest of the merchant, may finally prevail over the advocates and instruments of bloodshed : but if they should endeavour to obtain even the frontier towns of France, as securities for future concessions, their toil will be prolonged till it becomes tiresome to all parties : in haste to resume her lost possessions Prussia will soon be tired with offensive measures ; and Russia fatigued by a useless war at a distance from her boundaries and

resources, will withdraw from the alliance. The pacific temper indeed of these two powers would forward the cause of tranquillity ; but in every war of alliance, it is doubtful whether the combined parties are at the *same moment* of the same opinion. Austria alone will feel it her interest to prolong the contest ; but what will be her situation if she be deserted ?

It is the duty of the allies, therefore, to demand as a preliminary to negociation that France shall agree to treat upon the principle of the *uti possidetis*, before the campaign of 1793. If she accept the offer, an armistice might be immediately proclaimed, and the future territories of the respective powers be finally determined : if she do not consent to the terms proposed, it will then be time to trust to the success of a hazardous invasion from Germany, Italy, and Spain ; and much as we deprecate the prolongation of the war, we shall be the first advocates for its continuance.

After the privations and afflictions to which we have been condemned by the lawless ambition of the enemy, it would be as little consistent with justice as with policy to accede to any treaty which does not guarantee indemnity for the past, as well as security for the future. The retention of all our colonial possessions, of Malta, and of Sicily, are indispensable preliminaries of a safe and honorable peace. The independence of Spain, and the deliverance of her monarch will be a positive and important stipulation ; the recognition of our maritime rights, and our naval power will be distinctly admitted, and a strict neutrality be enjoined respecting the contest with America. If these conditions be obtained, we may be satisfied though Napoleon should sway the government of France, and the Bourbons continue in that private sphere for which they are best qualified by habit and experience. The talents of Napoleon are no longer of that formidable character which cajoled and overawed the continental powers ; and though it might be desirable that a villain less malignant, and a tyrant less cruel, were destined to

reign over a great and populous nation, we are not justified in sacrificing our own peace for the happiness of France, and fighting for the dethronement of their usurper. Having humbled his pride, debilitated his power, and obtained securities for his fulfilment of whatever conditions are imposed, we may honorably and safely leave him to brood over his disappointments, to struggle with the difficulties of his situation, and to submit to whatever fate shall be awarded by his subjects.

It is impossible to look back on the events that have recently occurred, without being impressed with a sentiment of pride in the character and exertions of our native country. At a period when all was subjection and despondency, when the cause of Europe was abandoned by every other nation as utterly hopeless, and the people of Spain resisted the violence of their invaders with mingled indignation and despair, it was *England* who fanned and supported the almost expiring cause of continental independence, who, rising above affliction and discouragement, and seizing her buckler in the cause of liberty, taught the armies of France that they were not invincible. In the justice and policy of the war in Spain we always strenuously coincided, and in the early numbers of our work we ventured to foretel, on every principle of observation and common sense, the glorious effects that have since occurred of our courage and perseverance. It is the war in Spain that has humbled the power of France, that has robbed the tyranny of Buonaparte of its illusions, and awakened the other powers of Europe to victorious resistance. "*Parcere subjectos et debellare superbos;*" to spare the conquered, and humble the proud, was once the praise of imperial Rome. England may claim a nobler praise: she does not merely spare the subjected, but assists them with her blood and treasure; shares in their afflictions, and supports their rights. The pressure of misfortune is a sufficient claim on her affection, and neither the pressure of distress, the prejudices of superstition, nor ingratitude itself, impede

her exertions in the cause of prostrate or drooping liberty!

The intelligence from Holland affords a striking answer to those who have contended for the unpopularity of the Orange family. The temper with which the Prince and his son have conducted themselves in adversity, is the best security for their fulfilment of the important duties to which they have been called; and render still more probable the nuptial union of the future queen of England with a prince of Orange.

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Miscellanea.

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*The Art of Writing a-la-mode VETUS.*

Two or three *columns* to praise a proud peer,  
 Two or three *similies* not very clear,  
 Two or three *plagiaries* badly hid,  
 Two or three *puffs* common sense would forbid,  
 Two or three *prophecies* pompously told,  
 Two or three *periods* less polish'd than bold,  
 Two or three *sneers* politically wrong,  
 Two or three *sarcasms* not very strong,  
 Two or three *charges*, but badly made out,  
 Two or three *ifs*, just to make up a doubt,  
 Two or three *proverbs*, but poorly applied,  
 Two or three *damns* on the opposite side,  
 Two or three *nothings* in language elate,  
 Two or three *rubs* on ministers of state,  
 Two or three *words* on balance of power,  
 Two or three *pages* compos'd in an hour,  
 Two or three *politics* taken from GROTE,  
 Two or three *classical* authors to quote,  
 Two or three *rants* on liberty and law,  
 Two or three *cants* on what none ever saw,  
 Two or three **LETTERS** compos'd in this way,

A

VETUS will make for the **TIMES** ev'ry day.

## ANECDOTE OF A FOLLOWER OF JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

A Mrs. B—— a respectable tradesman's wife, who being fond of novelty, had eagerly swallowed down the *heavenly prophecies*, that Joanna had written and said, on subjects of *nocturnal discoveries* and *lucubratory compositions*, being extremely anxious to ascertain how her sealed soul could safely get to glory, a little quicker than the rest of her sealed brethren, applied to a noted *rhodomontade Doctor* in Joanna's cause for advice, who readily informed his weak adherent, that she must follow the example of our blessed Saviour, when on this earth; who with all humility entered Jerusalem "meek and lowly, riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass;" and that as Christ rode into the literal Jerusalem on an ass, (which was a figure and type of the heavenly Jerusalem above;) so Mrs. B. as a disciple of Jesus, and a sealed heir of Joanna's angelic tribe, was to ride on an ass into the heavenly Jerusalem, escorted by an angel, of the *first order*, ordained and commissioned by the *Bride*, mentioned in the ii. Edras, vii. 26. to watch and protect the sealed favourites, in the necromantic school, and bring them safe to glory, on some heavenly *donkey*!! Believing the above statement to be true, Mrs. B. was in constant expectation of the heavenly messenger who was to conduct her, from the evil to come. Mr. B. her husband, who had repeatedly (but in vain,) warned his wife of the delusive and diabolical doctrines, imposed upon the *weak* and *ignorant*, by that *wicked witch*, Joanna Southcott, and her *deceiving followers*, could have had but little or no domestic happiness with his misguided wife, who by night, was constantly dreaming of Joanna and her visions; and by day, dinning his ears with the delectable anticipation of her expected *aerial flight*, on one of Joanna's spiritual and angelic Neddies!

Thus anticipating the grand appearance of the heavenly messenger; and impatiently watching the fulfilment of the wonderful prediction, Mr. B.'s family and household affairs became neglected, if not quite abandoned, by his (*before*) valuable and good housewife.—Being at a loss what step to take to undeceive his innovated wife, Mr. B. consulted a friend on the business, who devised a plan, which produced the desired effect: They both agreed, that on a certain night about twelve o'clock, (the awful moment when the midnight hosts, from the dark regi-

ons of the bottomless pit are permitted to ascend, and all *spectres, hobgoblins, demons, and spirits of wizards, and witches*, make their nocturnal excursions in order to perform their regular demonology, and gain proselytes to the prince of darkness,) the friend of Mr. B. was to make his appearance, clothed in white, riding on the *divine jack-ass*, and in all the majestic and heavenly form possible, to approach the door of Mr. B. with three loud and *awful raps*, (assuming the voice of an *archangel*;) to summon Mrs. B. to the world of spirits.—The long wished for period arrives;—the *heavenly messenger* performs his office: Mr. B. looks out of the window and enquires who is there? Being answered “I am the holy angel sent by the venerable agent, residing in the town, of the august Lady Joanna Southcott, to conduct your *sealed spouse* to the mansions of bliss.” Mr. B. in seeming agitation informed his dear partner of the singular address he had met with, from the mighty visitor, and enquired of her, who this astonishing personage could be? He was answered by his beloved wife to the following effect, “O dear! the Doctor’s prophesy is come to pass! ’Tis the good angel come to fetch me to heaven. I must arise and go to glory with my heavenly guide,” &c.—In vain did Mr. B. attempt to undeceive his good lady, and shew the absurdity of the prophecy: go she was determined.—What a scene immediately took place! *his children crying; his servants reasoning; himself in (seeming) tears; and even the very cat was in agonies*, at the sudden alarm and confusion that had taken place: still Mrs. B. remained unmoved, as to feeling the least relentings or desire to continue in the troubles, cares and perplexities of a family.—All pathetic entreaties and sound reasoning being useless, Mr. B. consents, with seeming reluctance, to receive her farewell kisses; she embraces her children; takes her leave of the servants; and complies with the angel’s hasty and peremptory request; bids a final farewell to all terrestrial objects; quickly mounts the *humble steed*, and with the surprizing agility of a *thorough blood donkey*, in less than two hours, arrives at a lonely spot about two miles from the place of her abode. Mrs. B. was now apprised, by her heavenly guide, that another sealed female was yet left behind, and must be immediately fetched to that spot, in order to ascend upwards with her; she therefore dismounted, patiently to stay for the return of her angelic protector,—But lo! having waited about three or four hours; and

no return of either angel, or donkey ; her fears came on ; her faith began to stagger ; her prayers to Joanna and her spirit, (though fervently offered,) seemed to flow in vain.—No heavenly guide appears ; no sealed sister is in view. Despair pervades her mind, alarmed beyond measure, she moves with velocity, the lonesome road towards her house, and as soon as she came, (with unspeakable agitation and mortification,) raps lustily at the door of her once peaceful dwelling. Mr. B. looking from the window, enquired “who is there?” Mrs. B. answers “your dear wife, my love!” he replied, “that can never be : she is gone to heaven on one of Joanna’s *spiritual donkeys*, several hours ago, and no doubt by this time is happy enough.—She can have no wish to return to the cares of a family, or to this troublesome world !”—Mrs. B. finding all attempts to persuade her loving husband that she was really returned in the *body*, was at length obliged to desist, and patiently bear the inclemency of the weather, until the morning ; when she convinced her dear partner, by his feeling and handling her, that she was still only *flesh*, and not *spirit*.—Mrs. B. being now undeceived, and thoroughly satisfied that Joanna, her doctors, priests, and *sealed* people, were all under the immediate influence of the devil, became once more a good housewife, an affectionate domestic : and has ever since discarded the false *prophecies*, and diabolical writings of Joanna Southcott.

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EPIGRAMS.

*On Sir Thomas Graham’s being chosen Rector of the University of Glasgow, in opposition to Lord Melville.*

The scholars of Glasgow have manfully shewn,  
 Their rev’rence for him, whose renown they ador’d ;  
 The candidates both had their merits, I own ;  
 The one was a HERO ; the other a LORD !

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*On the House of a Lord of the Admiralty being purchased by J. W. Croker, Esq.*

How our condition must be mended,  
 How much improv’d our public boards,  
 When, as by some folks ’tis pretended,  
 Our *secretaries* live like *Lords* !

*On the Duke of C——.*

Whether in England or abroad,  
This mighty Duke delights to roam,  
As if by some strange fate outlaw'd,  
This mighty Duke ne'er seems *at home* !

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*On Dr. Busby's Translation of Lucretius.*

'Tis said, *fine feathers make fine birds*,  
And with like approbation ;—  
Fine print, fine paper, and fine words,  
Must make a *fine translation*.

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*On a late Proposal at the East-India House.*

While each Director, for himself,  
For higher pay's a struggler,  
What wonder, if he touched the pelf,  
Since he's an *Indian juggler* ?

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IMPROMPTU,

*On hearing of the enormous Price paid for a Chair at Saint  
Huntington's Sale.*

Some idle people gape and stare  
At *fifty* pounds paid for a *chair* ;  
Yet good *Lord Vernon*, peer discreet !  
Bequeath'd *five thousand* for a—*Seat* !

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THE PLAGUES OF PLAY-GOING.

While not a new play  
Dick and Tom ever miss,  
The one goes to *shout*,  
And the other to *hiss*—

Cried Dick—"Of such plaudits

"Pray, where is the use ?

"You're an *ass* by your braying :"—

Cried Tom—"You're a *goose*."

A by-stander hearing

The quarrel, forsooth,

Declar'd that he thought

They had both *told the truth*.

## THEATRICAL REVIEW.

*DRURY LANE.*

THIS theatre still languishes under the eclipse of public favour. Its nightly receipts would beggar the treasury of a provincial manager, while its more successful rival triumphs in the fruitful rewards of liberal and judicious speculation. To those who remember the classic days of the English drama this revolution is peculiarly striking, and they can hardly yet accustom themselves to expect the legitimate efforts of scenic representation except on the boards of Old Drury. Where are we to look for the cause of this desertion on the part of the public? To their caprice, or the errors of managerial influence? Certainly to the latter. Never was there displayed a more profound ignorance of theatrical government, or a more intense contempt of public opinion, than the management of this house has exhibited since its opening. Their only acquisition is Mr. Munden; an actor of considerable merit, undoubtedly, but not possessing that rare and distinguished excellence which can restore a decaying interest. In order however to produce Mr. Munden in *his* popular characters, all the trash of Messrs. Morton and Reynolds have been revived, and the *Way to get Married*, the *Cure for the Heart Ache*, &c. played, as they deserved to be, to empty boxes, and a pit filled with orders, which are distributed in every ale-house in the purlieus of the theatre.

The only exceptions to this dull unvarying catalogue, have been a new comedy (*First Impressions, or Trade in the West*), the appearance of Mr. Braham, and of a young lady in the character of Juliet on Thursday, the 18th inst. Upon each of these novelties we shall make a few remarks; and, first, of the comedy.

This is avowedly the work of Mr. Horatio Smith, *one* of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," to mention which is to name no inconsiderable presumption of merit. It appears however that the talent of mimicry and of original production is essentially distinct. If we mistake not, this gentleman brought out an unsuccessful afterpiece last season; and though the present cannot be exactly pronounced an unsuccessful play, yet it is certainly deficient in the elements of longevity. It has been performed to audiences neither very numerous, nor very much disposed to exercise the severity of criticism in return for grati-

tous admissions ; and it has therefore tardily dragged its weary length through twelve or fourteen representations. But its fate though protracted, is no less certain. We have seldom indeed seen a play more deficient in all essential requisites. The plot is too barren to deserve the name of one; the characters are the progeny of former dramas; while the dialogue, without being animated or sparkling, has a sort of vapid sprightliness about it which can only be compared to the laborious gaiety of a superannuated debauchee. When we recollect, indeed, the rich display of humour and wit which the "Rejected Addresses" presented, and remember that this play is written by *one* of the authors of that volume, we are at some loss to conjecture what part of its contents could possibly have fallen to his share.

None of the characters are drawn with much force. *Sir Thomas Trapwell* (Munden) is a citizen transplanted into fashionable life; while his lady, the representative of a decayed family, boasts of her ancient blood whenever her husband talks of mercantile gains. They are both feebly portrayed. *Harcourt* (Elliston) and *Fortescue* (Rae) are two walking lovers, who come in and go out as well-bred gentlemen on the stage commonly do; misunderstand each other, whence the title of the play, and at last are reconciled with an affectionate embrace in a public street, an incongruity which we wonder the author's good taste did not discover. *Sapling* (Oxberry) is an abortive attempt to ridicule what no ridicule can make more contemptible, that thing called a modern fine gentleman. *Lady Anemone* (Mrs. Sparks) is a female botanist, who studies the sexual love of the plants under a professor (*Trifleton*;) till at last she sinks into the vulgar delight of animal propensity. The author's greatest strength seems to have been put forth upon *Mrs. Freemantle*, (Mrs. Glover) a gay, inconsistent, volatile, wrangling widow, who lives only in the enjoyment of satirizing her friends, and teasing her lover. The conception of this character is by no means new to the stage, and its qualities have been incomparably better delineated by Cumberland in his *Natural Son*, where *Lady Paragon* seems to have furnished the model for the bad imitation in the present instance. The self-examination of *Mrs. Freemantle*, in the fifth act, is a conspicuous instance of failure in a monologue, which very slender powers of wit or invention might have made interesting.

We are not inclined to be very rigorous in requiring an ob-

servance of the dramatic unities ; but when *Harcourt* challenged *Sapling*, and demands a meeting in *half an hour*, it was a needless violation of probability to make the interview take place in something less than two minutes. How little ingenuity it required to interpose a scene or two, which might have relieved the spectator from this incongruity.

We will here quit the unpleasant task of animadverting upon a piece which is really below criticism, to assume the more agreeable employment of paying a just tribute of praise to the exertions of the performers, which were astonishing when we consider that they had to labour through a number of vapid dialogues (we cannot call them scenes), wholly uninteresting to the audience, and which their own judgment must have taught them to despise.—Yet, in the performance of every drama, whether good or bad, the *elocution*, the *action*, the *manner*, and the *business*, are entirely the *actor's own* and should any error occur in *them*, he cannot shelter himself behind the inability of the author, but must abide the censure in his own person. Nor will the performer of real merit ever feel displeasure at being subjected to the order of candid criticism ; on the contrary, he will be proud of being so distinguished, and, conscious that—

“ The lion preys not on dead carcases,”

he will gratefully profit by the lessons of experience, to assist his progress to the goal of perfection, which, however, no performer ever has, or ever will attain.

With regard to the extreme impropriety of embracing (or *hugging*) in a public street, (before alluded to) we are constrained to remark that it must be attributed entirely to the actors, whose good sense and professional knowledge should have informed them, though an embrace in tragedy is literally an *embrace*, yet, in modern comedy, it means nothing more than that *friendly pressure* or *shake of the hand*, which may be seen every day in every street in London.— Now we are upon the subject of *manner*, we will take the opportunity of animadverting upon a glaring impropriety, too prevalent, not only in this play, but in most comedies which have been represented within these few years—indeed ever since gentlemen assumed the vulgarity of grooms, and ladies the pertness of chambermaids.—The moment a theatric *lover* gains a sight of his fair mistress, he flies

towards her, sticks his hat under his arm, seizes one of her hands in one of his, places his other arm round her waist, and approaches his face almost close to her fair bosom, which is conveniently *stript* for inspection; and, in this manner, with half the male figure obscured *behind* the female, the greater part of the dialogue is carried on. This may be strictly an “abstract of the times;” but, however practised in *chambers* at the west end of the town, it is most indecent and untheatric on the stage, where every scene should be a subject for the painter; and what painter ever stuck two figures close together, like a brace of hot rolls in an oven, (unless *obliged* by the greatest necessity,) leaving the breadth of his canvass in tenantless vacuity? To speak technically, let them gracefully *take the stage*, nor *break their figures* by coming in *contact*, unless when *obliged* by the *business* of the plot.—On this subject, as we are rather cramped for room, we shall conclude with a friendly hint to the ladies:—If they hope to be admired for *original* excellence, let them for ever discard all *aukward imitations* of the *Jordan*. Plague on that woman and her *Tomboys*, she has spoiled half the dashing actresses on the British stage!

The appearance of Mr. Braham has naturally had the effect of improving the funds of the treasury. His attractions are deservedly great; but we are not inclined to rank his character in the *Devil's Bridge* as among those best calculated to display his astonishing science and execution.

A young lady, whose name we have not been able to learn, made her first appearance in *Juliet* on Thursday the 18th inst. Though this is a character whose personation does not demand the higher capabilities of the art, yet, as it is drawn by Shakespeare, true to nature in every line, it affords scope for the display of a performer's powers to exhibit that nature. Of this the young lady in question seemed fully aware; and accordingly we observed in her delineation of the part many of those minute touches which, like the finer operations of painting and sculpture, denote the comprehension of a superior mind, and the execution of a skilful artist. We have seen the late Mrs. Pope in *Juliet*, perhaps the most perfect representation the stage ever boasted; we have also seen Mrs. H. Siddons, matchless in the expression of its maiden sensibility; and Miss Smith equally great in its scenes of perturbed feeling, and maddening despair: but we have no hesitation in saying that this *debutante* is, even

at present, superior, in the *whole*, to either of those actresses, and consequently the best *Juliet* which the stage at present boasts. She is announced for a repetition of the part, and we hope, her augmented success will tempt her to give us an opportunity of witnessing her powers in some other characters wider range.

On Monday the 22d, a *spic-and-span new* Operatic Farce, called *Who's to have Her?* the joint production of Mr. T. Dibdin, the prompter, and some *very great* composers, (or rather *compilers*,) whose names we forget, was brought out for the first time. Whether the dialogue was intended as a vehicle for the music, or the music as a vehicle for the dialogue, we are at a loss to guess; but they were truly *worthy of each other*. As it would be ridiculous to break a fly upon the wheel, all we have to remark is, that, with the aid of a few *clap-trap sentiments*, a proper allowance of *dammes*, joined to the vocal abilities of Mrs. Mountain and Mr. Pyne, powerfully aided by the laughable *mummery* of Munden, (for poor Munden was absolutely compelled to *mum*,) and most ably supported by the well-timed *claps* of the *trained bands*, properly stationed in the various theatric redoubts, the piece went off without opposition, and we hope it will run long enough to answer the purposes of the parties concerned, for surely the labourer is worthy of his hire.

A new Melo-Dramatic Oriental Spectacle, intituled, *Illusion; or, the Trances of Nourjahad*, was performed, for the first time, on Thursday the 25th.—It is founded on the late Mrs. Sheridan's beautiful Eastern Tale of Nourjahad; and the author (whose name we could not learn) seems also to have had in his mind's eye Mr. Godwin's Romance of St. Leon.

The scenery, dresses, and decorations, were superb and characteristic; and the whole piece got up with great care and attention. This was felt by a crowded audience, who honoured the performance, and the announcement of its repetition, with considerable applause.

Rae was dignified and impressive in the Sultan—that gentleman's *forte* is certainly tragedy.—We never saw Elliston to more advantage than in the trying and complicated character of Nourjahad.—Lovegrove made the most of the insignificant character of Hasem: the author should have made his humour a relief to the sombre shades of the other personages. Mr. Horn

and Miss Poole acquitted themselves very prettily in two parts of little interest; as did Miss C. Bristow, in the *Genius of Immortality*, whose gradual apparition was beautifully picturesque. The dances were very neat; and the first appearance of Miss Smith and Mr. Oscar Byrne (from the King's Theatre), seemed to give general satisfaction.

### COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Conway's personation of Henry the Fifth is one of the most perfect exhibitions of the stage, and the applause that he received must have impressed him with the conviction that it is only by confining himself to the line of declamatory heroes, and regal personages, that he can obtain the unqualified approbation of the critics of the metropolis. In the representation of Henry there is required neither flexibility of intonation, nor tenderness of expression; even in his moments of courtship he is the blunt and warlike monarch, unused to amorous parlance. With the heroes and monarchs of the stage, we so naturally associate majesty of stature, and grace of deportment, that Mr. Conway's commanding person, and elegant attitude, were perfectly appropriate to the character. In the scene with Catherine, he blended with considerable skill the vehemence of the soldier with the raillery of one who incapable of "honied words," apologizes for his imperfection by good-humoured raillery. His lofty declamation, and his delivery of vehement passages, particularly where he exhorts his soldiers to return to the breach, and his mode of delivering the prayer, were universally admired. So long as he limits his round of characters, he will no doubt retain a first-rate reputation.

*Anthony and Cleopatra* has been received with an approbation that is rather due to the scenery than to the merits of the piece as it is now performed. The author has selected the interesting parts of Shakespeare and Dryden, and incorporated his own poetry, with the opposite styles of the two great masters. So miserable and inconsistent a piece of patchwork we have seldom witnessed. The novelty of the gullies, however, in the contest between Cæsar and Anthony, the beauty of the introductory scenes, and the acting of Young, Mrs. Faucit, and Mrs. McGibbon, all conspired to remedy and atone for the defects of the piece. As something of archness and volup-

tuousness is expected in the Egyptian queen, Mrs. Faucit was quite at home, though it must be admitted that she did not move a queen. In parts of feminine insinuation, of licentious intrigue, and obtrusive manners, she is well calculated to excel. The acting of Mrs. M'Gibbon is of a different character. She excels in scenes of pathos and sensibility. The cheek and eye express all the varieties of sorrow and tenderness, and she performed Octavia with inimitable pathos. These two ladies are very valuable accessions to the London boards.

A new farce from the hand of Mr. Jameson, the author of the *Students of Salamanca*, has been produced at this theatre under the title of the "*Invisible Bridegroom*." The only object of the piece is to give Mathews an opportunity of shewing his powers of metamorphosis, in the character of *Shirk*, a lawyer's clerk, who endeavours to conceal, by assuming various disguises, the fact of *Captain Squander's* misfortune, who had been arrested on the day of his intended marriage, from the object of his attachment. Miss Booth was the representative of *Julie*, a young lady who, like many other young ladies, looks about for a husband. The exertion of the performers, however, could not compensate for the demerits of the piece, and it will probably be soon withdrawn. Mr. Jamieson is a man of talent, but he writes too frequently, and imitates bad models in too great a hurry.

The career of Miss Stephens has been prosperous beyond all former example. Miss Mathews though eclipsed by the splendid talents of her contemporaries, is equally excellent in her line; and the success of all the *debutants* of the season, except Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. Vining, does credit to the spirit, and repays the exertions of the manager. Mr. Terry can claim, however, but little credit for his personation of Ventidius, which is a bad imitation of Munden. He has talents that preclude the necessity of imitation; and we should be glad that our remark might elicit in his next performance some traces of original conception.

